

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2588.—VOL. XCIII.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1888.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6³/₄d.



Galway Witnesses.

A Fenian Witness.



Lady Mountmorres.

Galway Witnesses

THE
PARNELL INQUIRY
COMMISSION:
SKETCHES IN COURT.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In the New York Supreme Court the question of "What's in a name?" has been settled—and quite rightly—in a contrary sense to that of Shakespeare's reply to it. A rose by any other name may smell as sweet, but a literary work does not sell so well signed by an ordinary name as one which has that of a popular author below it. Such a fortunate person, it seems, in America, is one Mr. Halsey, who adopted for his pseudonym the title of "Old Sleuth," accompanied by a woodcut of an ancient countryman intended to represent a detective in disguise. This addition is a novelty in letters. If I had to begin my own time again I should dearly like to be pictorially represented. Nothing characteristic of my present appearance would, I fear, prove very attractive. It would be (almost) ridiculous to adopt Phœbus Apollo, or even Hyacinth "with nymphs"—as the picture catalogues have it—for my literary trade-mark. The very best I can think of would be an ancient citizen (certainly not countryman) "with gout flying about him," and even that has a touch of Kensal-green, or, at all events, of the New-road, in it. However, Mr. Halsey was very well satisfied with his "Old Sleuth," and, moreover, so pleased his readers that an enterprising publisher thought it worth while to issue a whole volume of "Old Sleuth" stories (written by somebody else) without his leave or license. It is good to read the remarks of the Chief Justice upon this "high-handed outrage" (not in Utica but in the Empire City itself), and satisfactory to find that acts of literary piracy committed by one citizen upon another are not looked on in the United States in the same light as when committed on aliens. There are, it seems, the germs of justice there, though it cannot be said to grow with the celerity of mustard seed, so as to overshadow the earth.

The times in which we are told our young men shall see visions, and our old men dream dreams, have (as might naturally be expected) been anticipated by a female scientist of renown, hailing from the Great Republic. Anna Bonus Kingsford, M.D., of Paris, President of the Hermetic Society—an unknown institution to me, but presumably one that objects to too much ventilation; in which case it has my sympathy—and author of "The Perfect Way in Diet," has been publishing her dreams. In her rôle of "Medical Man" (or whatever may be its female synonym) she is, of course, free to dream as much as she likes; but in the character of story-teller, in which she also appears, I think it a grievance which affects the whole literary profession. Our work is hard enough as it is, without our having to contend with a rival who has only to go to sleep to produce romances. It is an attribute that turns the whole question of literary production topsy-turvy. "A little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep," used to be destruction to it: but the longer Dr. Anna Bonus Kingsford sleeps, the more work she produces. The old injury to labour caused by the introduction of machinery sinks into insignificance compared with this amazing gift of hers. She considers that her "abstinence from flesh meats during the last fifteen years" has something to do with it. I hope she will remain under that conviction; for, considering what she dreams under the influence of "butter, cheese, eggs, and milk" only, I tremble to think what tremendous stories—throwing Messrs. Stevenson and Haggard altogether into the shade—she would turn out if she took to pork chops for supper. Even now she can dream pretty much as she likes by altering her habitat. In her own residence (thank Heaven!) she confesses that she does not possess this power in its highest perfection, the situation being "too flat and humid"; but when she goes to Paris or Switzerland "the necessary magnetic or psychic tension" never fails to exert itself; before many weeks have elapsed her "diary is once more rich with the record of her nightly visions," and then she begins to send them to the magazines. As to verse, like Coleridge, she has never been able to write a complete poem out of dreamland; her memory always fails her after a certain amount of rhymes, "however luminous and recent was the impression on her mind." This I exceedingly regret. I wish she could produce whole epics which would occupy her entire slumbers, and leave no time for the stories which she dreams with such fatal facility, and which handicap to such cruel disadvantage her fellow-labourers in the field of fiction. In her recently published "Dreams and Dream Stories" there are no less than thirty-two of them. I trust this gifted lady is now at home, and will remain there.

A good deal of dreaming has been done by scientific persons, but always when they have been awake. The only example I can call to mind of a real dream coming to anything practical, in either art or science, was that which happened to Dr. Chladin, the inventor of the euphon. The harmonica was the popular instrument in his time, by which sounds were produced by rubbing glass tubes in a straight line with a wet finger; and he felt confident that a better music could be obtained by rubbing them circularly. For years he cogitated how to make this improvement, but without success. "On June 2," however, "1789, being tired with walking, he went to sleep in his arm-chair, and scarcely had he closed his eyes when the image of just such an instrument as he wished for seemed to present itself before him, and he awoke as if he had been struck by an electric shock." He made at once a series of experiments on the lines thus suggested to him, which resulted in the production of the euphon, which cut out the harmonica altogether.

"The Weather-Plant and the Earthquake" has now become a frequent newspaper heading, and reminds one of the titles of the old fables, or those to be found in Mr. Burnand's charming version of "Sandford and Merton." It is not a fable, of course; but I notice that the weather-plant has got into the second stage of scientific repute. In the first, a novelty of this kind is always described as one of the greatest discoveries of the age; in the second, it is decidedly less

extraordinary; and in the third, it is no discovery at all, but was very well known (under another name) to our grandmothers. It is now asserted that the prescience of this interesting plant is uninfluenced by the atmosphere at any distance of time or place, and merely arises from "the immediate habitat in which it may be at the moment." It might, in fact—after all the crowing about it—be almost called a weather-cock. Still—to be just—how similar is the conduct of this depreciated vegetable to that of the animal Man! *He* is affected by what is near to him, but not at all by things remote—not even by earthquakes; and *his* "behaviour varies"—(if he dwells in a glass-house, like the weather-plant, for instance, he dares not throw stones)—"according to the special conditions in which he lives."

The case of Michael Brannagan and Peter Murphy, aged respectively forty-four and twenty-one at the time of their trial, but imprisoned for the last nine years (as it would seem) unjustly, promises to be a *cause célèbre*. No one who has had the misfortune to be in the jury-box—a situation only less deplorable than that of being in the dock—at any criminal trial will probably have failed to hear the Judge remark that "circumstantial evidence is really more to be depended upon than direct, because all suspicion of malice is excluded, &c." The observation is certainly not new, but it is quite true. The proverb "Murder will out" is almost universally accepted; but there are a hundred murders undiscovered for two wrongful convictions upon circumstantial evidence. They are very rare indeed, and when it is attempted to give instances—just as people exclaim "Pitt" or "Kean" to illustrate the fable of hereditary genius—everyone cries "Jonathan Bradford," and generally stops there.

The gentleman who lay drunk in the street with his sword beside him, which another, quarrelling with a friend, snatched up, and passing it through his body left it there and took to his heels, is another favourite illustration. The famous case before Lord Justice Dwyer, where the foreman of the jury saves the prisoner from the gallows by starving out the other eleven because he happens to be the man who committed the murder (a justifiable homicide, though it didn't look like it) himself, is another. The details are most dramatic. The Judge's warning to the jury that unless they found the prisoner guilty "the blood of the murdered man would lie at their doors"; the prisoner's averment that he had no witnesses, and his observation, on acquittal, "You see, my Lord, that God and a good conscience are the best witnesses"; and the subsequent statement of the true state of the case, by the foreman to the Judge, in confidence, are most interesting reading. Again, the son who was hanged, for the murder of his father with a hammer, chiefly on the evidence of his foot-prints, which were really those of his sister, who had worn his shoes for that very purpose, and was the homicide herself. And, finally, the terrible miscarriage of justice in the case of William Shaw, over whose felon's grave in Edinburgh "a pair of colours" was ordered to be waved by a repentant Magistrate in token of his innocence, and "to make reparation to his memory and his surviving relations."

When one has called to mind these incidents—all of long ago—there only remain a few more to add to them from the whole annals of crime. But when a mistake has been made, and supposing it can be remedied—and in these days, so far as I can gather, only one case has been irremediable—it certainly seems monstrous if nothing but "the Queen's pardon" (as if it were the Victoria Cross!) is given to the unhappy victim of judicial error. Would that recompense you, most innocent reader, or me, for nine years of wrongful punishment and exclusion from all human joys—down to tobacco? I trow not. The public pay for a good many legal mistakes with marvellously little grumbling, and they ought to pay for a mistake of this kind handsomely, and without grumbling at all.

A Lord Mayor's feast is a great spectacle, and should not be missed by anyone who has the opportunity of partaking of it, and to whom the varieties of human life are interesting; but as a dinner—well, some of us have had better ones. It is, indeed, impossible that a really good dinner can be provided for 800 persons—which I read was the number of guests entertained at the Guildhall on the last Lord Mayor's day—or for 400, or perhaps even for 100. "The more the merrier, the fewer the better cheer," is a proverb, the former part of which is very questionable, but the latter undeniably true. For good cheer and good talk eight is, in fact, the greatest number of our fellow-creatures that should be set down to any dinner-table. But the bill-of-fare at the Mansion House is interesting in itself from the mere magnitude of it: "700 quarts of turtle soup, 100 turkeys, 250 fowls, 200 dishes of game," and so on. Also the exceptional paucity of some things (doubtless for culinary reasons), such as "two turbot," which, as a provision for 800 guests, seems to trench upon the miraculous. Funniest of all, though there are "50 pine-apples and 250 lb. of grapes," there are no nuts. Can no one guess why? Well, then, I will tell you. The cracking of nuts disturbs the after-dinner oratory.

The accusations of the wholesome literature societies against "highwayman stories" are, no doubt, well founded, though I think they are exaggerated. The natures that are attracted by the violent delights of robbery and manslaughter are not imaginative, nor given to literature of any kind. Stories which treat of actual vice, though disgusting to cultured minds, are very attractive (however well-meaning folk may maunder to the contrary) to coarse ones; but crime, in my opinion, is under very small obligations to letters. It ought, of course, to be under none at all; but the steps taken by the societies in question to prevent it are, to say the truth, not calculated to effect their object. The "pure literature" they furnish is of such a very milk-and-watery character that, so far from winning readers from their pabulum of lawless peril, it attracts no one. One is almost tempted to say of it what the poet sang of the æsthetic lover of sunflowers, that "if he's content with a

vegetable love, it will certainly not do for me!" It is surely possible to be moral, and yet not so deadly dull. The same difficulty seems to obstruct the success of the teetotallers. They exclaim, "No alcohol!" but the drinks they offer in place of it are all of them more or less sickly and distasteful, and too much like "the excellent substitutes for butter at breakfast." If a drink could be concocted with no spirit in it, but which was really attractive to the palate, half the temperance battle would be won. Why is not a reward offered for its discovery? Similarly, why do not the pure literature societies, instead of producing stories which remind one of the immortal parody upon Hans Christian Andersen ("And lo, in the morning, the foot of the peasant had trodden on the flower that the child had planted upon his mother's uncle's grave"), get Mr. Stevenson, or somebody (No, my cynical friend: "Terms will not be sent on application"), to supply them with stories for the masses that shall be pure as snow, but not so soft and cold, and with a fine flavour of adventure in them?

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice with Prince Alexander Albert and the infant Princess of Battenberg, and Princess Alice and the young Duke of Albany, arrived at Windsor Castle on Nov. 16 from Balmoral. The Queen held a Council on the 17th at Windsor Castle. The Ministers attending included Lord Cranbrook and Lord Lathom, with Mr. Lennox Peel, the Clerk of the Council. The Queen and Princess Beatrice drove out in the afternoon, attended by the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, and honoured the Dowager Lady Churchill with a visit, at Coppins, near Iver. The Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury arrived at Windsor Castle, and had the honour of dining with her Majesty. The Hon. Lady Biddulph had the honour of being invited. Lord Salisbury had an audience of the Queen after dinner. On Sunday morning, the 18th, her Majesty and the Royal family, and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service in the private chapel. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated.

The Queen left Windsor Castle on the morning of the 19th, accompanied by Princess Louise and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and proceeded by train to Port Victoria, where her Majesty went on board the Victoria and Albert yacht to receive the Empress Frederick and the Imperial Princesses. The Queen and Prince of Wales, with the Empress Frederick and the Imperial Princesses, then proceeded by train to Windsor and drove to the castle. The Empress Frederick and her three youngest daughters left Berlin early on the previous day for Flushing. The Emperor William accompanied his mother to the station, where he took a very cordial and affectionate leave of her. The *Daily Telegraph's* correspondent says:—"The parting between mother and son was of the warmest description. Kaiser William kissed his Imperial mother's hand as he received her on the platform, and then her cheeks no less than five times. Their Majesties repeatedly embraced one another before the train started." The Empress and her three daughters reached Flushing shortly after ten at night, and immediately embarked on board the British Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, which had arrived, with the Prince of Wales on board, in the morning. The vessel left at twenty minutes past eleven for Port Victoria. We give on another page a Portrait of the Empress Frederick and an Illustration of the landing of her Imperial Majesty at Port Victoria.

The Prince of Wales concluded his visit to Derbyshire on Nov. 15. In the morning his Royal Highness, accompanied by Lord Hindlip, left Doveridge Hall for Burton-on-Trent for the purpose of inspecting Messrs. Allsopp's brewery. The Prince was loyally received in Burton. He then proceeded to Derby, and joined the 2.50 train for London. The Prince, accompanied by Prince George (who had arrived from Athens in the morning), left Marlborough House on Saturday evening, the 17th, and embarked at Port Victoria for Flushing, to meet the Empress Frederick.—The Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and Princess Victoria of Wales arrived at Copenhagen on the 14th, to take part in the Jubilee festivities. They were received at the railway-station by the Queen of Denmark, the Crown Princess, Princess Marie, and the Czarewitch. The members of the British Legation and Baron Mohrenheim were also present. The festivities at Copenhagen were brought to a close by a ball held in the Casino on Tuesday evening, the 19th. The guests numbered about 1000, and included the Ministers, the members of the Diplomatic Body, all the principal officials, and the élite of Copenhagen society. At ten o'clock the Royal family and their illustrious guests entered the ball-room, the Princess of Wales being conducted by the Czarewitch, and Princess Victoria of Wales by the Crown Prince of Denmark. After an overture by the orchestra the King opened the ball with the Princess of Wales.

The annual return of the London Scottish Volunteers for 1888 shows that under the altered conditions of the capitation grant the corps possesses 776 officers and men earning the full allowance of 35s. a year. The Queen's Westminster have 852, the London Rifle Brigade 672, the Artists 756, the Post-Office 799, the London Irish 816, and the Inns of Court 219. All the returns, with the exception of the Irish, are below those of last year, when the easier musketry terms were in force.

The latest wonder of Regent-street is the sign of the "Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society," which hangs from a splendid pole over the rather obscure entrance to the New Gallery. It will be recognised at once as the work of the president, Walter Crane. A winged figure, upon one side, the Society's Evangel, heralds the union of Art and Craft. On the other, the Artist and Craftsman (the two being so slightly distinguished as to avoid all possibility of offence to the latter) strike hands upon a vow of friendship. The Exhibition closes on Dec. 1.

The author of "Hartas Maturin," a novel reviewed by us on Nov. 10, asks us to correct an "error"—we should rather say, a misapprehension of his purpose—which could only have arisen from the obscure and equivocal construction of the story. Our summary description of the central point of the imaginary situation was this:—"Dr. Maturin has murdered his first wife; and immediately on her death, the soul of this woman has become the soul of a new-born female infant, belonging to another family." The novelist, Mr. H. F. Lester, tells us now that he did not speak of this transmigration of souls "as a fact." Nor did he speak of the murder of the doctor's wife "as a fact"; it is all imagination, of course, alike the natural and the supernatural incidents. But the vision by which the young lady, eighteen years afterwards, experiences what happened to her predecessor, is related in the manner of ordinary narrative; and the reader is supplied, by an eloquent Spiritualist prophet, with a theory of "re-incarnation," to explain how and why she had such a vision or second-sight. Mr. Lester says, "A scientific explanation of the events in the book is also given"; but we have failed to find it, and do not understand how any supposed incidents which are not facts, but mere fancies, can ever be scientifically explained.

THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION.

The Court of Inquiry held by Sir James Hannen, Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Justice Smith, the Judges under the Special Commission appointed to examine the charges of the *Times* against Mr. Parnell and other members of the House of Commons, associated with the Irish Land League and the Irish National League, has continued its sittings at the Royal Courts of Justice. The Attorney-General, Sir Richard Webster, and Sir Henry James have called more witnesses, and they have been cross-examined by Sir Charles Russell, Mr. Lockwood, and other Counsel, and by Mr. T. Harrington, Mr. Davitt, and Mr. Biggar, who appear in person. At the sitting on Friday, Nov. 16, the proofs of murders and other crimes and outrages in Galway being exhausted for the present, the Court proceeded to investigate those which were perpetrated in Kerry. One of the witnesses from Galway was Lady Mountmorres, widow of the unfortunate nobleman who was cruelly murdered on Sept. 25, 1880, in the neighbourhood of his residence, Ebor Hall, near Cong, owing to the machinations, as is alleged, of the Clonbur branch of the Land League. Her Ladyship's Portrait is given among our Artist's Sketches in Court, which present also those of some other Galway witnesses, average types of the farmers and peasantry, and of the process-servers and Irish Constabulary. The circumstantial narratives of cruel murders by shooting, and of midnight visits to lonely farm-houses, where the tenants were dragged from their beds, savagely kicked and beaten, and usually shot in the legs, for disobeying the orders of the Land League, have a horrible sameness, these outrages being apparently regulated by a set of rules, or "Plan of Campaign," which prevailed over wide districts of the country. Those who were shot in the legs had, in some instances, to have a limb amputated, and were maimed for life.

On Tuesday, Nov. 20, in the Kerry examinations, one witness was Miss Lizzie Curtin, daughter of the unfortunate tenant of Castle Farm, near Tralee, who was killed on the night of Nov. 13, 1885; she described also the inhuman persecution since endured by herself and her sisters. In addition to Galway and Kerry, five other counties of Ireland, where crimes and outrages have prevailed, are to be made the subject of inquiry.

THE ALBERT HALL, JEYPORE, INDIA.

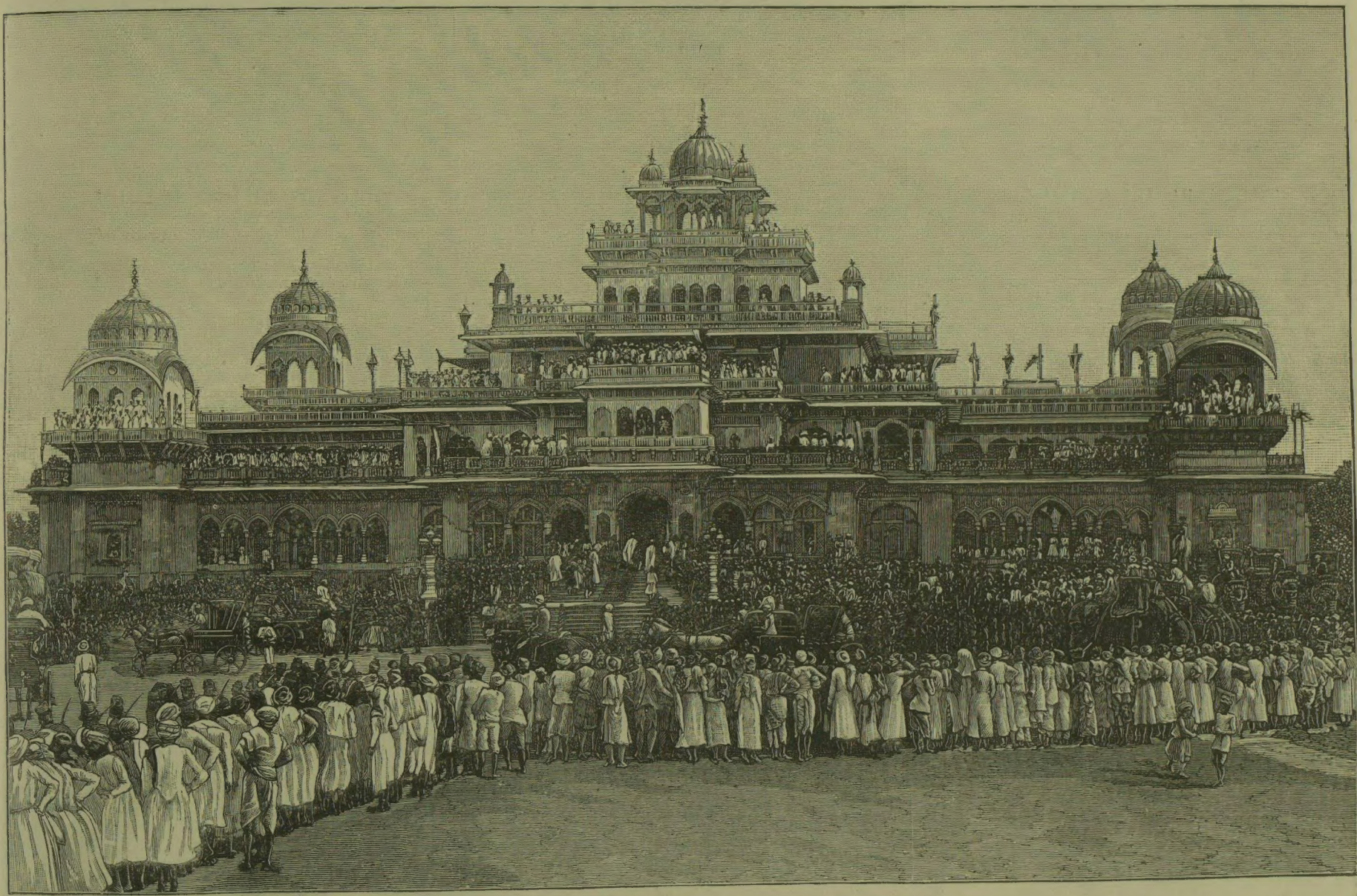
This noble edifice has been built for the Maharajah of Jeypore, entirely under the superintendence and from the designs of Colonel Swinton Jacob, R.A., having been the work of many years. It is of white marble, and the exterior and interior pillars, walls, and screens are enriched with carvings of marvellous beauty. It is worthy of note that every piece of carving is different and unique, and that for each carving a number of various designs were modelled of full size, so as to judge of the effect when completed, and the most beautiful of them were then selected to be sculptured in the pure white marble by the intelligent native workmen. For years past a band of draughtsmen have been employed in making designs for this purpose from the carvings of most exquisite art which adorn the famous architectural monuments of India, those of Delhi having yielded by far the richest store of examples. Many recent travellers in Rajpootana have admired these designs, which, now that the scaffoldings are down, stand revealed in all their beauty; also the white marble domes which crown the hall, giving it a peculiarly Oriental effect. The opening ceremonial took place when the Political Agent, Colonel Walton, went down in State from Mount Abu to invest the Maharajah with the insignia of the Grand Cross of

the Star of India, and all the city of Jeypore was en fête. A grand Durbar was held in the new Albert Hall; and next day there was a State dinner in the principal hall of the building, followed by an elaborate nautch, with the electric light, and by a grand display of fireworks in the pretty gardens in front of the building. The road from the Residency to the city, for a mile and a half, was illuminated by yellow Chinese lanterns, hanging from the trees, looking just like pendant golden fruits; while all the terraces and prominent parts of the Albert Hall were gaily ornamented with tulip-shaped illuminated paper lanterns. The whole was like a scene out of fairyland; and a lady visitor has sent us a photograph of the building.

THE NEW DEAN OF CHICHESTER.

The Very Rev. Francis Pigou, D.D., who has succeeded Dr. J. W. Burgon in the deanery of Chichester, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was ordained in 1856. He has been Vicar of Halifax, Yorkshire, and Rural Dean, since 1875, and held an honorary canonry in the Chapter of Ripon Cathedral; he was also one of the Queen's Chaplains, and Chaplain to the 2nd West York Yeomanry Cavalry and to the Rifle Volunteers. He is the author of several volumes of sermons and theological treatises, the most recent being "A Manual of Confirmation."

Mr. Beecham, the well-known proprietor of Beecham's Pills, has issued this year a Christmas annual, one of the most extraordinary penny publications ever issued. Tales by first-class authors like "Ouida," Jessie Fothergill, George R. Sims, R. E. Francillon, R. M. Ballantyne, G. Manville Fenn, and others, appear; and a new quadrille is given.



OPENING OF THE NEW ALBERT HALL, AT JEYPORE, INDIA.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The joint action of England and Germany in a strong endeavour to suppress the Slave-trade in East African waters did not escape comment when the House of Lords met on Tuesday, the Twentieth of November. There was no absolute necessity to refer to it. The Prime Minister so clearly and amply explained this international arrangement, in reply to Lord Harrowby's thoughtful interpellation, at the reopening of the Session, that there was really nothing to add. But Earl Granville felt it due to his position as Leader of the Opposition in the Lords to hint that all was not smooth sailing with regard to the negotiations with France as to the right of search—a point on which Lord Salisbury returned a satisfactory answer. Then, again, the Earl of Dunraven, his zeal unexhausted in the "Sweating" Commission, deemed it incumbent on him to practically repeat the warning note to Lord Harrowby respecting the possible danger of military operations in East Africa. In his admirably lucid and cogent style, Lord Salisbury convinced their Lordships that this country would confine itself to naval operations in East African waters.

Beneath the apparently placid demeanour of cherubic Baron Halsbury there lurks a pugilistic force of character which induced the Lord Chancellor, on this same Twentieth of November, to rise and lustily defend himself from the accusations of nepotism brought against him in the Commons by Lord Randolph Churchill, in the debate on the Court of Judicature vote. With respect to the general question of the administration of the Royal Courts of Justice, it may here be said that, though some sinecures may exist, the undoubted services rendered to the public by the efficient staff, and rendered, too, with a readiness and politeness that might well be emulated in other Civil Service offices, have not received their due meed of recognition in Parliament. Lord Halsbury had no difficulty in furnishing a common-sense reason for his appointments and Lord Esher and Lord Coleridge loyally supported the Lord Chancellor.

The illness of Mr. Bright and Mr. Arthur Balfour has occasioned anxiety and regret; but, happily, good reports as to the progress of both right hon. gentlemen were forthcoming when we went to press. The death of Colonel Duncan, one of the most estimable of Conservative members, has been generally deplored.

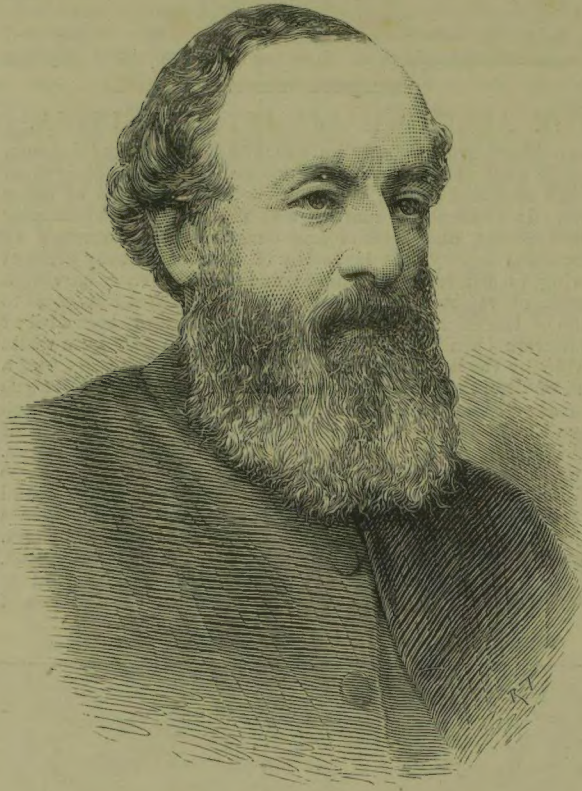
The absence of Mr. Balfour during the debate on the five millions vote (regrettable though the cause was) undeniably denuded the discussion of some of its anticipated vivacity, for it deprived Mr. Gladstone of the excitement and baiting requisite for a thoroughly lively retort. But it was soon evident that Mr. Gladstone retained all his old power of drawing a full House. For the first time this autumn the House of Commons was full on Monday, the Nineteenth of November. Peers and strangers crowded their respective galleries. The gallery facing the Opposition side was lined with hon. members, whose gaze was fixed upon the pale, deeply-lined resolute face of the veteran Leader, who, within a twelvemonth of his eightieth year, is still in the possession of the best of health, mental and physical, and whose eloquent voice was never clearer than it was that afternoon. Fresh from his Paddington panegyric of the Ministry and all its works, and not discomfited in the least by Mr. Smith's response that the Public Prosecutor would not commence criminal action against the unmasked offenders of the Metropolitan Board of Works, Lord Randolph Churchill snugly curled himself up and industriously curled his moustache in his corner seat behind the Treasury bench. The Marquis of Hartington, hat drawn down over his head, as usual, was driven by Sir George Trevelyan to the very verge of the front Opposition bench. Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Bradlaugh, and a strong gathering of Irish members were among the most expectant of Mr. Gladstone's large audience. It devolved upon the Solicitor-General for Ireland to introduce the Bill to facilitate the purchase of land in Ireland by increasing the grant applicable for that purpose by five millions sterling. Mr. Gladstone, who expressed his regret at Mr. Balfour's absence and at its cause, was in his best vein. The gist of his amendment was

that, in lieu of granting the £5,000,000, the Land Courts should be empowered to "reduce or cancel the arrears of rent found to be excessive, after the example of the legislation recently and beneficially applied to crofters' holdings in Scotland." Mr. Gladstone's energy was extraordinary, his delivery exceptionally forcible. In the course of a long speech (to which Mr. Goschen had no difficulty in replying in a cogent and logical argument), Mr. Gladstone ironically twitted Lord Hartington with his alliance with Lord Salisbury, and roused the enthusiasm of the Home Rulers by his earnest appeal to the Government to avert "the lamentable sufferings caused by recent evictions." The most notable feature of the second and concluding night's discussion was the smart triangular duel between the Marquis of Hartington, on the one side, and Mr. Dillon and Mr. John Morley on the other. In the division, with the aid of its Liberal Unionist wing, the Government scored a majority of 84—330 against 246 votes.

The Christmas Number of our illustrated contemporaries have made their appearance. The *Lady's Pictorial* contains a story by Mr. Oscar Wilde, "The Young King," with designs by Mr. J. Bernard Partridge; "Glenlogie," by Helen Mathers; "For Whose Sake?" by John Strange Winter; and other tales, by Mrs. Edward Kennard and Ella Hepworth Dixon; with verses by Mr. Clement Scott. The coloured picture, "Lady-love," is a copy of a beautiful painting by V. Carcos; and Louis Wain supplies a party of cats on a merry-go-round. "Holly Leaves," the Christmas publication of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, presents much literary entertainment, and is accompanied by a coloured picture after Sir J. E. Millais' "Punchinella." Messrs. Cassell's Christmas annual, called "Yuletide," carries with it a large oil-colour print of the well-known picture, "At Last," by Mr. Arthur Stocks, with two smaller pictures, by Thomas Boys, and a school-room of cats, "Miss Tabby's Academy," by Louis Wain. The *Pictorial World* Christmas Number has a large supplement printed in oil-colours, entitled "Shall I carry you?"



THE VERY REV. FRANCIS PIGOU, D.D.,
THE NEW DEAN OF CHICHESTER.



THE RIGHT REV. ALFRED EARLE, D.D.,
THE NEW BISHOP OF GUILDFORD (COADJUTOR, LONDON).



THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ONSLOW, K.C.M.G.,
THE NEW GOVERNOR OF NEW ZEALAND.

THE EARL OF ONSLOW.

The Colony of New Zealand has certainly no cause, and probably no disposition, to object, like the Australian province of Queensland, to the recent nomination of a Governor on behalf of her Majesty the Queen. Lord Onslow has occupied, since February, 1887, the useful post of Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies in the Administration of Lord Salisbury; and that department has been conducted by his chief, Lord Knutsford, and by himself, in a manner very satisfactory to our Colonial fellow-subjects. The Right Hon. Sir William Hillier Onslow, Bart., Knight of St. Michael and St. George, fourth Earl of Onslow, was born March 7, 1853, son of George Augustus Cranley, who was grandson of the Hon. Thomas Cranley, second son of Thomas, Viscount Cranley and Earl of Onslow; he is thus grand-nephew to his immediate predecessor, Arthur George, third Earl of Onslow, who died without surviving male issue in 1870. The earldom was created in 1801, but

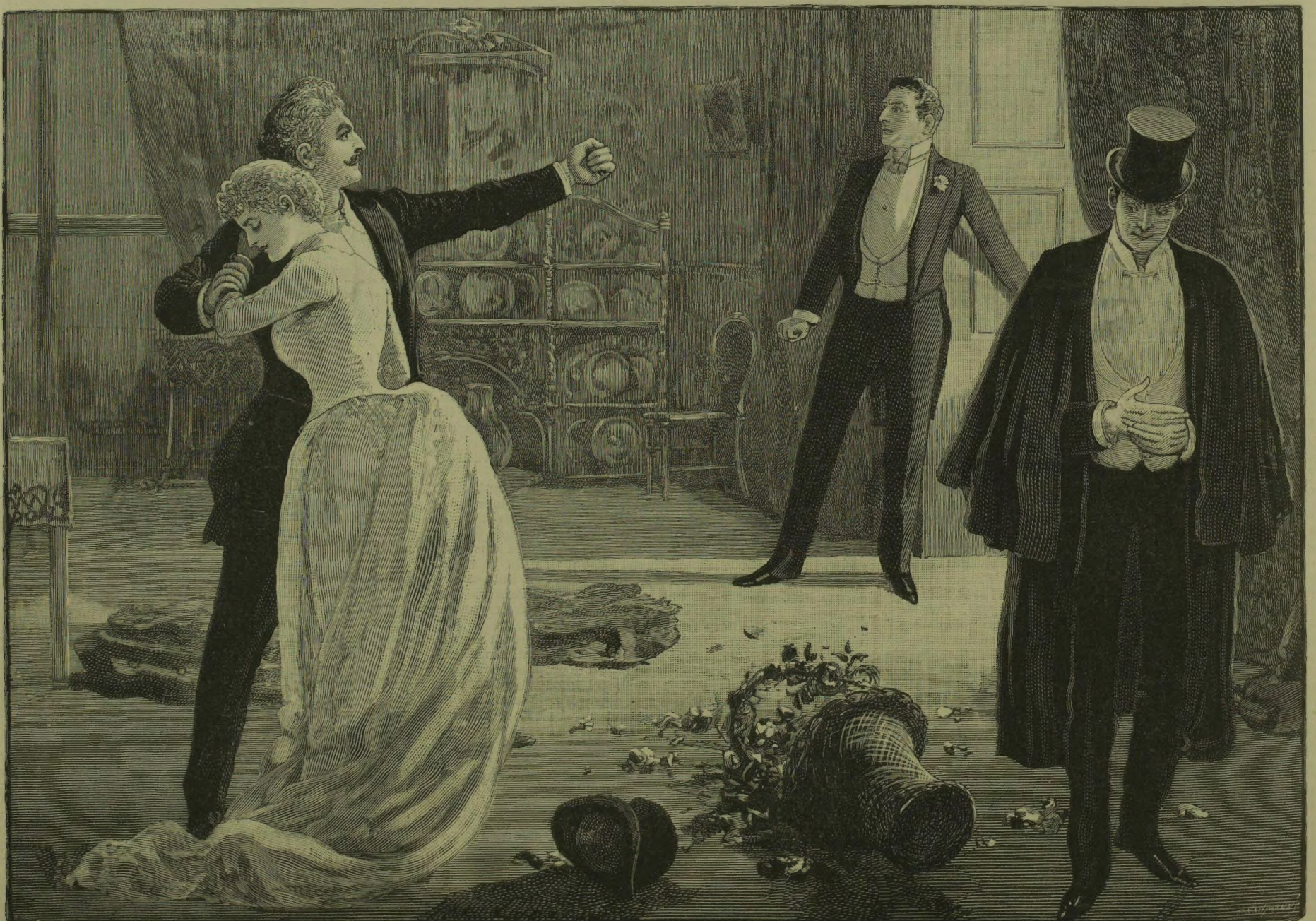
the barony of Onslow in 1716; the first Baronet was Lord Mayor of London in 1649, and the baronetcy was conferred upon him at the restoration of Charles II. Several of this family, in the eighteenth century, were distinguished in Parliamentary life and Ministerial offices, and one was Speaker of the House of Commons from 1727 to 1761. The present Lord Onslow was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford, succeeded to the Peerage in 1870, and was twice appointed a Lord-in-Waiting of the Queen's household. He is married to a daughter of the late Lord Gardner, and has three children, the eldest, Lord Cranley, being twelve years of age.

The annual Christmas sale at the Royal School of Art Needlework—of which Princess Christian is president—has been held at the School in the Exhibition-road, South Kensington. The excellent work for which this school is renowned has been especially well represented on this occasion.

THE NEW BISHOP OF GUILDFORD.

The Right Rev. Alfred Earle, D.D., who has been appointed a Coadjutor to the Bishop of London (with the title of Bishop of Guildford), and also Rector of St. Michael's, Cornhill, was educated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he obtained a Lusby scholarship; he was ordained in 1858 by the Bishop of Salisbury (Dr. Hamilton). His first curacy was that of St. Edmund's, Salisbury; in 1863 he was instituted to the rectory of Monckton Farleigh, Wilts, and in 1865 to the vicarage of West Alvington, Devonshire. He was appointed a Prebendary of Exeter and Archdeacon of Totnes in 1872, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Exeter in 1879. In 1885 he was promoted to a canonry in Exeter Cathedral.

Lord Dufferin is making a farewell tour through parts of the Punjab, the North-West Provinces, and Bengal, prior to his departure from Calcutta.



Jack Dudley and his Wife
(Mr. Henry Neville and Miss Mary Rorke).

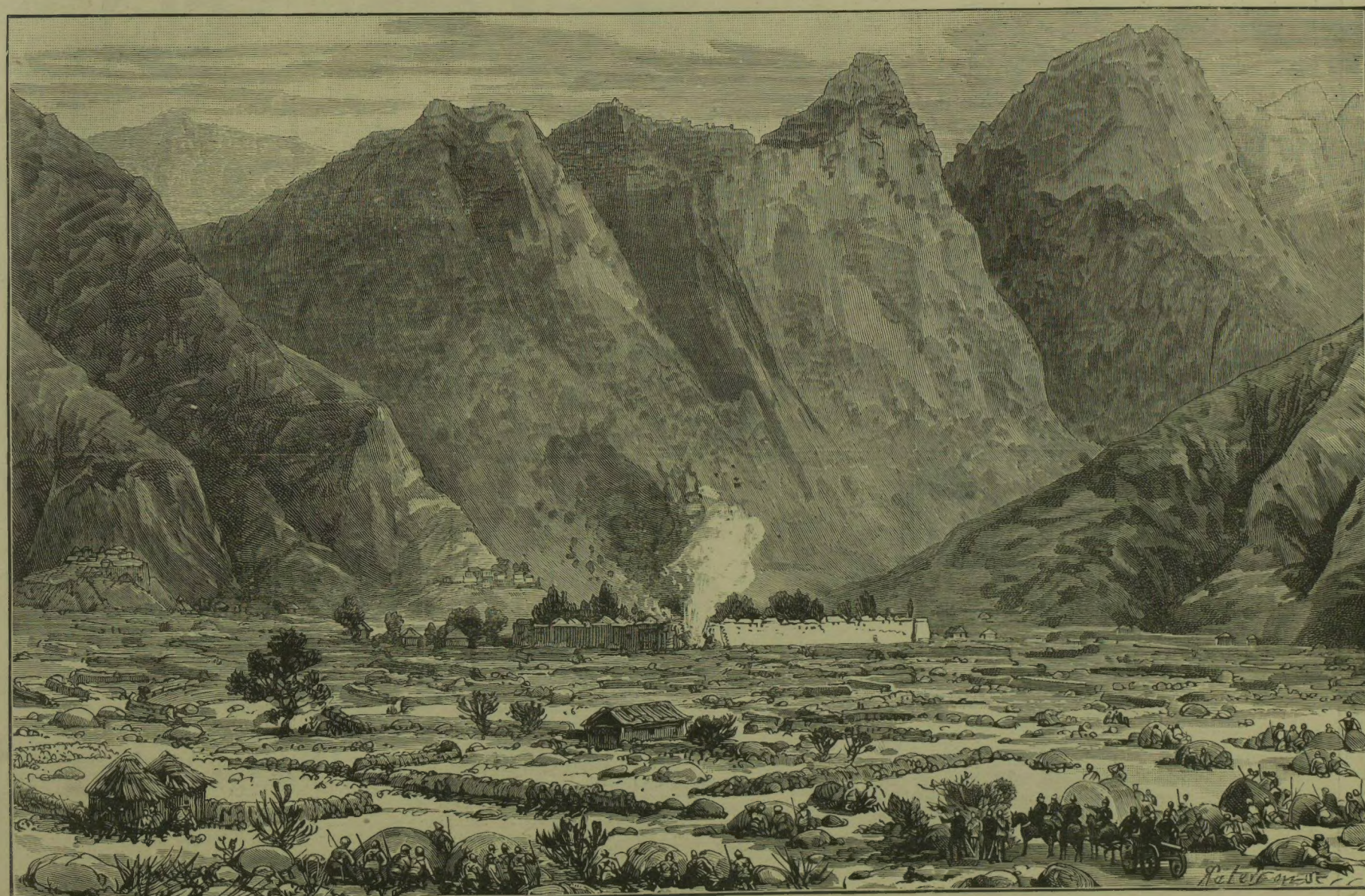
Count de Renal
(Mr. Bucklaw).

Robert Stillwood
(Mr. W. L. Abingdon).

SCENE FROM "HANDS ACROSS THE SEA" AT THE PRINCESS'S: "SAFE IN A HUSBAND'S KEEPING!"

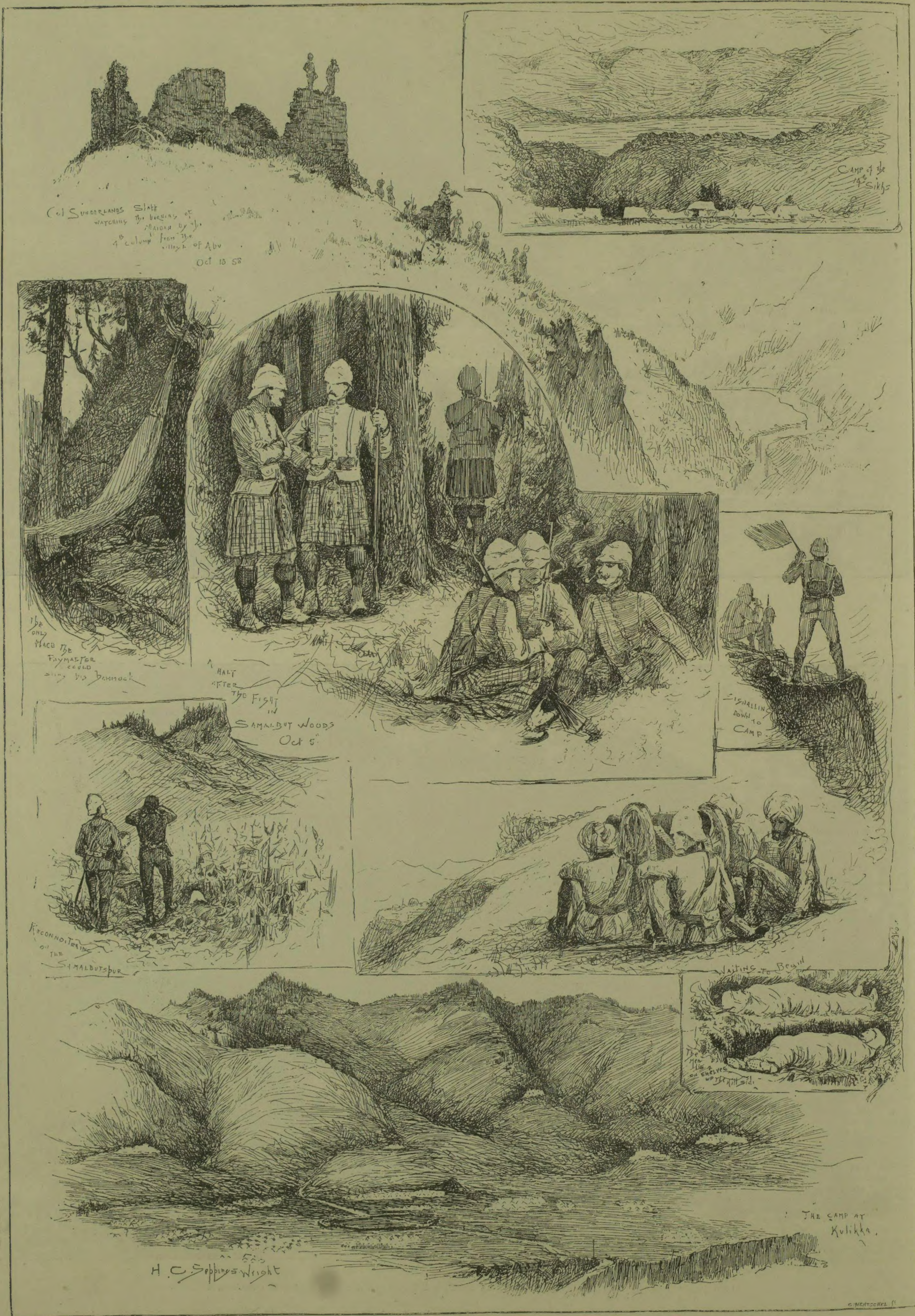


THE VILLAGE OF KOTKAI, CAPTURED BY THE 29TH PUNJAB INFANTRY.



MAIDAN, THE STRONGHOLD OF THE HOSTILE TRIBES, DESTROYED BY THE FOURTH COLUMN, OCT. 13.

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY CAPTAIN R. S. MACLEOD, FOURTH COLUMN HAZARA FIELD-FORCE.



THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.

SKETCHES BY LIEUTENANT W. J. L. REYNOLDS, ROYAL SUSSEX REGIMENT (THIRD COLUMN HAZARA FIELD-FORCE).

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. George Manville Fenn, indefatigable and industrious man, who has been steadily working these twenty-five years past on journals and novels and plays, and who, so far as we know, has never written one line or sentiment that he or anyone else would regret, finds in Mr. J. H. Darnley a pleasant partner. They succeeded well enough with "The Barrister": they have succeeded even better with "The Balloon," a wild specimen of hearty, wholesome, and good-humoured extravagance that happily will bring the authors of it fame, credit, and capital. The new farcical play has been tried at a matinée at Terry's Theatre, and it made the audience laugh so heartily one dull November afternoon that it is pretty sure to be put up at some good theatre and with a capital cast. It would suit Mr. Charles Wyndham or Mr. Charles Hawtrey; for the leading character, a young doctor who thinks he has accidentally poisoned his prospective mother-in-law, is a rattling part, containing some admirably-written speeches. At the matinée Mr. Charles Glenney, Mr. Charles Groves, Miss Gabrielle Goldney, Miss Susie Vaughan, and Miss Florence Wood all did well, and the play only wants a little expansion to fit it into an evening programme. The best of it is that honest fun is here associated with innocent intention. Playgoers must get sick of the married man who goes on the spree, becomes an amateur rake, and returns repentant to the bosom of his family. Farcical comedies require a new motive and fresh treatment, and both Mr. Fenn and Mr. Darnley have proved that they can be bright and amusing without having recourse to rank stupidity or low vulgarity.

Whilst on this subject it may be well to revert to a senseless farce called "That Telegram," recently produced at the Globe, which illustrates the want of respect for the stage and its mission shown by some irresponsible authors. Mr. Sapte, junior, thinks it funny to show us a self-indulgent, conceited prig, who deceives the wife who loves him, and chuckles at the idea of carrying on a clandestine correspondence with an abandoned woman. That a thorough-paced scoundrel can hoodwink the woman who trusts him and not be found out is the humorous idea of Mr. Sapte's farce. In point of fact there is no fun in it whatever. He takes the vulgar exceptions of accepted morality and placards them as the truth. He does not hold the mirror up to Nature, but a cracked looking-glass up to viciousness. His moral is: "Go it, you boys; deceive, cheat, and break hearts, but do not be found out! Tell a lie and stick to it." Now, in the opinion of many people all this is not funny but exactly the reverse. To chaff at sin on the stage is to condone cruelty. No one objects to strays from the path of virtue on the stage as illustrations of modern life; it would be ridiculous to write farces or any plays whatever if nobody erred: but it is inconceivably vicious when the gay dogs do not repent, or when the deceived women do not forgive. To quote Shakspeare as a precedent for the new school of dramatists who paint life, not as it is, but as they distort it, is a piece of impertinence. It is not nature to be gratuitously offensive and cruel to good women; and to make it out funny to deceive and not to be found out, is to distort nature. It is argued that no serious moral exists in farce. Rubbish! Whatever we put before the public, farce or tragedy, travels to the mind and leaves there an impression, good or evil. Is it, after all, a clever thing to tell young rakes how they may easily deceive their wives and go scatheless—in fact, how funny it is to trick a confiding woman? But, in this case, the farce is as ill-written as it is low-toned.

Surely it is not taking too high a ground to protect the stage as far as possible from the corruption of vulgarity that is creeping into its very soul? We do not want all the thoughtful people to leave the theatre and hand it over to unprincipled smartness or unadulterated rowdiness. At the Strand, for instance, has been produced a burlesque wholly indefensible in tone and idea. It is considered funny there to caricature existing turf characters on the stage, and to turn Mr. C. H. Fox, M. Alias, and Mr. Clarkson, the wig-makers and costumiers, into the Gilrays and Rowlandsons and "H.B.'s" of our time. There is such a fever of personality abroad that society is asked to go to the play in order to see the members of the Jockey Club and various celebrities on the turf "taken off" behind the footlights. Once start this idea, and there will be no end to it. The stage will become an illustrated daily newspaper. Is this what the dramatic reformers demand when they clamour for actuality and realism? The theatre is bear-garden enough already without introducing there political animosity and social strife. We go to the play to be amused, not to abuse our neighbours; to get out of the world, not into it again. Imagination is the gift that the theatre should stimulate; not reality. Caricatures we can see enough of in the comic and personal papers without turning public men into stage puppets. Luckily for the dignity of the stage the burlesque called "Atalanta" was a pronounced failure, and the indignation of the audience has caused a thorough change of policy. In justice to Mr. Lewis Wingfield it should be said that he was not responsible for the hideous combination of modern sportsman and Greek swell, the racing attire and the petticoat. He was overruled, and now that he has his way the characters in the last act will be sensibly altered. But after all, is taste really so low as the authors of "Atalanta" would have us believe? Do we go to the play to have our ears tortured with such barbarous Cockney rhymes as "Atalanta" and "canter," "Atalanta" and "instanter," "Atalanta" and "banter," and such like atrocities, at which the Byrons and Talbours and Broughs and Reeces would have shuddered and rebelled. What "r" sound can be found in the Greek "Atalanta," except in the ears of a Cockney writer? We may just as well have "yaas" for yes, or any other barbarism. Or do we go to the play to hear music murdered and an old Greek legend misapplied? Poor Miss Marie Linden, miserable Mr. F. Wyatt, unhappy Miss Alma Stanley, to be connected with such deplorable childishness! Of all sad sights, perhaps the saddest is to see clever artists paid to perpetrate inconceivable folly.

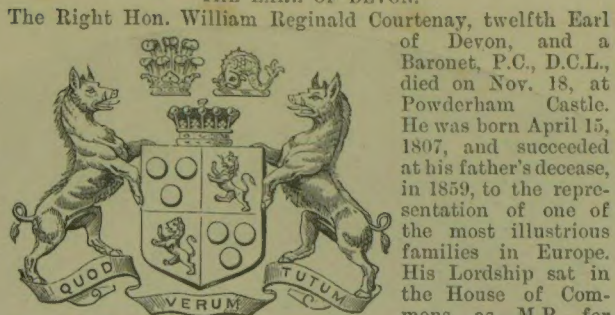
As a relief, we have had a very respectable, and in many respects creditable, version of "The Lady of Lyons" at the new Shaftesbury Theatre, where, on the first night, the iron curtain refused to budge an inch, and necessitated the prompt dismissal of the audience. Mr. Forbes Robertson gave a highly intelligent rendering of Claude Melnotte; and Miss Wallis was refreshing, after a series of milk-and-water, powerless Paulines. The audience woke up, as if from a lethargic dose, when Miss Wallis began to act. For the last few years we have been whispering and dawdling on the stage, not acting. What would the modern playgoer say if he could suddenly see an Adelaide Neilson? How he would open his eyes and stare with astonishment!

A notice of "Hands Across the Sea," and an illustration of a scene in it, are given in another part of this Paper.

Our Portrait of the late Sir Richard Baggallay is from a photograph by Mr. G. Jerrard, of Claudet's Studio. That of Lord Onslow is from one by Messrs. James Russell and Sons, of 17, Baker-street, who furnished also those of the new Bishop of Guildford and the new Dean of Chichester.

OBITUARY.

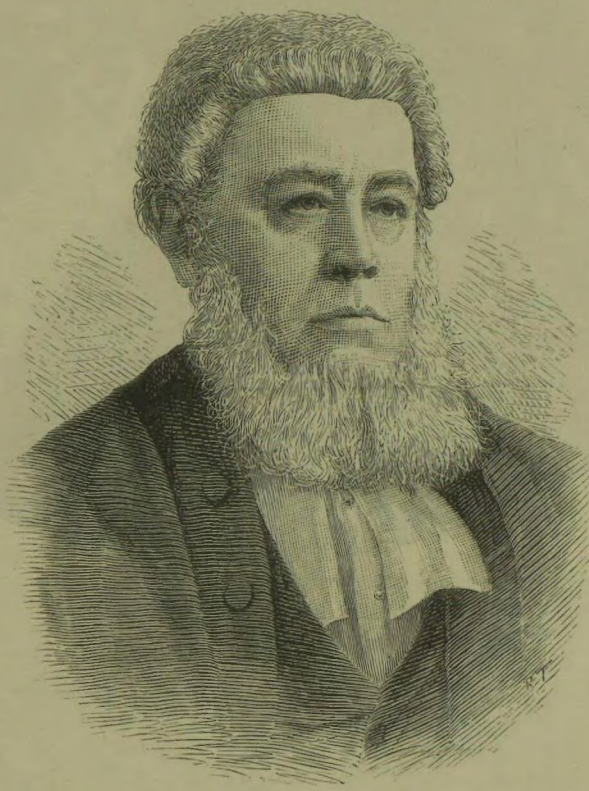
THE EARL OF DEVON.



The Right Hon. William Reginald Courtenay, twelfth Earl of Devon, and a Baronet, P.C., D.C.L., died on Nov. 18, at Powderham Castle. He was born April 15, 1807, and succeeded at his father's decease, in 1859, to the representation of one of the most illustrious families in Europe. His Lordship sat in the House of Commons as M.P. for South Devon from 1841 to 1849, was Secretary to the Poor Law Board from 1852 to 1858, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster from 1866 to 1867, and President of the Poor Law Board from 1867 to 1868. He married, Dec. 27, 1830, Lady Elizabeth Fortescue, daughter of Hugh, first Earl Fortescue, K.G., and by her (who died Jan. 27, 1867) had issue, three sons and one daughter, Viscountess Halifax. The only survivor, Edward Baldwin, Lord Courtenay, formerly M.P. for Exeter and East Devon, now thirteenth Earl of Devon, was born May 7, 1836, and is unmarried. The late Lord was educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford, and was a Chairman of Quarter Sessions for Devonshire.

RIGHT HON. SIR RICHARD BAGGALLAY.

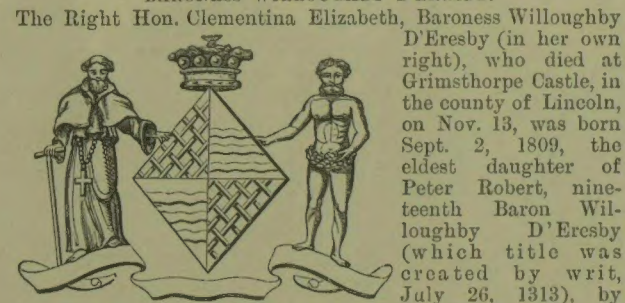
The Right Hon. Sir Richard Baggallay, Knight, P.C., M.A., Lord Justice of Appeal, died on Nov. 13, aged seventy-two. He was the eldest son of Mr. Richard Baggallay, of Kingthorpe House, Upper Tooting, and was educated at Caius College, Cambridge. He commenced his forensic career in 1843, when he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, and soon obtained extensive practice. In 1861 he became Q.C., was



THE LATE SIR RICHARD BAGGALLAY.

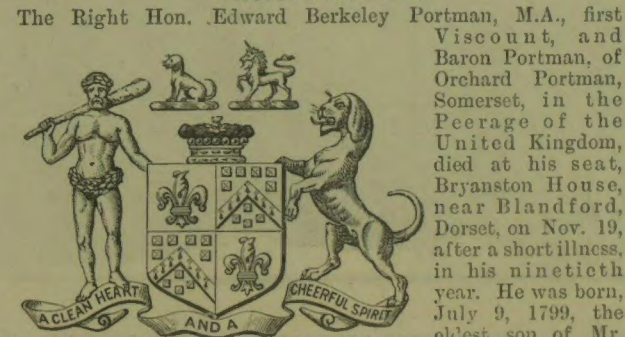
Solicitor-General in 1863 to 1874, Attorney-General in 1874-5, and Lord Justice of Appeal from 1868 to 1885. The honour of knighthood was conferred on him on his appointment as Solicitor-General in 1868. Sir Richard married, Feb. 25, 1847, Marianne, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Henry Charles Lacy, M.P., of Withdean Hall, Sussex, and leaves a large family.

BARONESS WILLOUGHBY D'ERESBY.



The Right Hon. Clementina Elizabeth, Baroness Willoughby d'Eresby (in her own right), who died at Grimsthorpe Castle, in the county of Lincoln, on Nov. 13, was born Sept. 2, 1809, the eldest daughter of Peter Robert, nineteenth Baron Willoughby d'Eresby (which title was created by writ, July 26, 1313), by Clementina Sarah, his wife, daughter and sole heiress of James Drummond, first Lord Perth, and succeeded to the barony of Willoughby d'Eresby, the abeyance of which was terminated in her favour by Royal letters patent in 1871. Her Ladyship married, Oct. 8, 1827, Sir Gilbert John Heathcote, Bart., afterward Lord Aveland, and leaves by him (who died Sept. 6, 1867) one son and two daughters (the eldest, Clementina, was married, in 1869, to Admiral Sir George Tryon, K.C.B.). The only son, Gilbert Henry, Lord Aveland, now twenty-second Baron Willoughby d'Eresby, married, in 1863, Lady Evelyn Elizabeth Gordon, second daughter of the tenth Marquis of Huntly, and has four sons and six daughters.

VISCOUNT PORTMAN.



The Right Hon. Edward Berkeley Portman, M.A., first Viscount, and Baron Portman, of Orchard Portman, Somerset, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, died at his seat, Bryanston House, near Blandford, Dorset, on Nov. 19, after a short illness, in his ninetieth year. He was born, July 9, 1799, the eldest son of Mr. Edward Berkeley Portman, of Bryanston and of Orchard Portman, by Lucy, his first wife, daughter of the Rev. Thomas

Whitby, of Creswell Hall, Staffordshire, and was created Baron Portman, by patent, Jan. 27, 1837, and advanced to a viscountcy March 28, 1873. The deceased nobleman was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford (B.A., 1821; M.A., 1826), and represented Dorsetshire in Parliament in the Liberal interest, 1823 to 1832; and Marylebone, 1833. He was Lord Warden of the Stannaries in Cornwall and Devon; a Justice of the Peace for Middlesex, Somerset, and Dorset; and Lord Lieutenant of Somerset, 1840 to 1864. His Lordship married, June 16, 1827, Emma, third daughter of Henry, second Earl of Harewood, and leaves by her (who died Feb. 8, 1865) three sons and one daughter. His eldest son, William Henry, now second Viscount Portman, M.P. for Dorset 1857 to 1885, married, in 1855, Mary Selina Charlotte, daughter of William Charles, Viscount Milton, and has a large family.

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.

Two officers with the Hazara Field-Force employed during the month of October in subduing the hostile league of highland tribes among the mountains above the left bank of the Upper Indus, on the northern frontier of the Punjab, have sent home Sketches which are this week published in our Journal. The whole force, under the chief command of General M'Queen, was divided into four separate columns, which advanced into the hill country by different routes, as we have already explained with reference to our former Illustrations.

The Fourth Column marched up the banks of the Indus; and Captain R. S. Macleod, of the 29th Punjab Infantry, contributes the Sketches of part of their operations. The first scene is that of the action near Kotkai, on Oct. 4, at the very beginning of the campaign; when that village, perched on the rock shown in his Sketch, was captured by the men of his own regiment, who had ascended the high ground seen to the right hand, forcing the pound and the loopholed walls held by the enemy, till they reached the terraced fields, surrounded by rocks and bushes, on the summit of the ridge commanding Kotkai. They were supported, below, by the fire of Gatling guns, and of the 34th Bengal Pioneers and the Royal Irish Regiment. On the opposite side, to the left hand in this view, beyond the rocky ravine through which the river here flows in deep rapids, some of the enemy appear firing from the high river-bank. Captain Macleod's second Sketch represents the fortified village of Maidan, the stronghold of the hostile fanatics, blown up on Oct. 13 by the Fourth Column of troops, the place having been abandoned by the enemy on the approach of the British force. After blowing up the front bastions and gate, the village was entered and set on fire; the mine threw up an immense shower of stones, with a huge cloud of dust. The troops lying down amidst the stones in the foreground are the Royal Irish, the 4th Punjab Infantry, the Royal Artillery and 34th Pioneers, and the 29th Punjab Infantry. The ground in front of the village was intersected with low stone walls, crossing each other to form small enclosures, like the squares on a chessboard, and scattered over with large round stones.

The operations of the Third Column are illustrated, on another page, by the Sketches of Lieutenant W. J. L. Beynon, of the Royal Sussex Regiment, which have been forwarded to us by his father, General Beynon. The following is an extract from Lieutenant Beynon's letter, dated Oct. 10:—

"We have been making roads and raids in all directions. Having made a road through the woods to a certain point, we leave a picquet there, and descend on to some village, which we promptly burn, and then retire to the camp. It is during these retirements that we generally lose most men, as the natives are awfully good at following up, and can take advantage of every cover. One sees no one, but the bullets go over one's head, and you hear the report within, perhaps, fifty yards of you. I got fired at from about twenty yards off, the sparks from the discharge falling within a few feet of me. I found that the top of my head was showing above the skyline, in a space made by two mules having moved apart. How the fellow did not hit me I cannot make out. I managed at night to get shelter in a sort of cow-shed. There are no side walls, and there is great danger of sliding down the 'khud'; but we are better off than other fellows, who have had to make shelves for themselves on the side of the hill. The whole side of the hill is cut up into shelves by the men, who lie in rows; and so they go to bed."

It seems that these two columns of troops were not very far apart on Oct. 13; for, in the first of Lieutenant Beynon's Sketches, we observe Colonel Sunderland's staff-officers, among the ruins of a tower, burnt the day before, above the village of Abu, watching the conflagration at Maidan, in the valley below. There are two or three Illustrations of the affair of Oct. 5 on the Samabut spur of the Black Mountain; in one of them, a halt after the fight, appear several men of the 78th Highlanders, forming General M'Queen's escort; in another, men on the rocks are signalling with flags to announce the news to the camp near Oghi. The position of General Channer's entrenched camp and surrounding regimental encampments, at the foot of the mountains, with the village of Kulikka, is shown in another Sketch; half-way up the mountain-side within view is the spot where Major Battye and Captain H. B. Urmon were killed in the skirmish of last May or June. In the remaining Sketches, Lieutenant Beynon drolly illustrates the peculiar sleeping accommodation of his party, as mentioned in his letters, the men lying on shelves of earth cut by themselves in the steep hillside.

We shall give Illustrations next week of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Messrs. Allsopp's Brewery at Burton-on-Trent.

At St. George's Hall, Langham-place, on Monday, Nov. 26, Messrs. Reed and Grain will produce a new piece, entitled "The Bo'sun's Mate," written by Walter Browne, the music by Alfred J. Caldicott.

Entertainments are given weekly at the Brompton Hospital, greatly to the delight of the inmates. The one provided on Tuesday, Nov. 13, was by Miss May Woolgar Mellon (the clever daughter of a gifted mother), assisted by several friends; and consisted of scenes from "My Sweetheart," and the comedietta of "My Milliner's Bill," in both of which Miss Mellon acted and sang with charming effect, her companion in each piece being Mr. Sidney Paget, who proved himself a worthy partner. In the first piece a very little girl, Ivy Glassby, made a pretty little "boy," and efforts of the trio called forth repeated rounds of applause. Some excellent singing and recitations were given by Mr. Sidney Herbert-Basing and Mr. E. V. Wright; and the Misses Gray added to the enjoyment of the audience by their finished pianoforte playing.—The entertainment on Tuesday evening, the 20th, was given by Madame Dukas, and consisted of an excellent selection of music by that talented lady, and various members of her "Ladies' Choir," assisted by Mr. Richard Hope, with Mr. Walter Van Noorden as conductor. The programme included—"I'm but a simple Peasant Maid," brilliantly sung by Madame Dukas; "Sing, Sweet Bird" was given by Miss Julia Dunhall; as was "A Wee Wife" by Miss Emily Farmer. There were several encores.



THE EMPRESS FREDERICK OF GERMANY.



LANDING OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK AT PORT VICTORIA, ON MONDAY, NOV. 19.



THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY HOTEL AT BANFF.



MOUNT STEPHEN, THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY: BANFF AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Our series of Illustrations of the magnificent work completed under the auspices of the Dominion of Canada, by which a continuous line of railway traffic is established from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean ports, was brought on last week to Banff, on the banks of the Bow River, close to the Rocky Mountains and to the frontier of the province of British Columbia, 2342 miles west of Montreal. Banff is situated in a district of romantic and picturesque mountain, river, and lake scenery, of great extent, reserved for the "Canadian National Park"; and it is the site of medicinal hot springs, charged with sulphur and iron and salts of great healing efficacy for many bodily ailments. These springs arise in the Sulphur Mountain, which is 4500 ft. in height; the flow of water is about 1,200,000 gallons a day, and its temperature at the source is 115 deg. Fahrenheit.

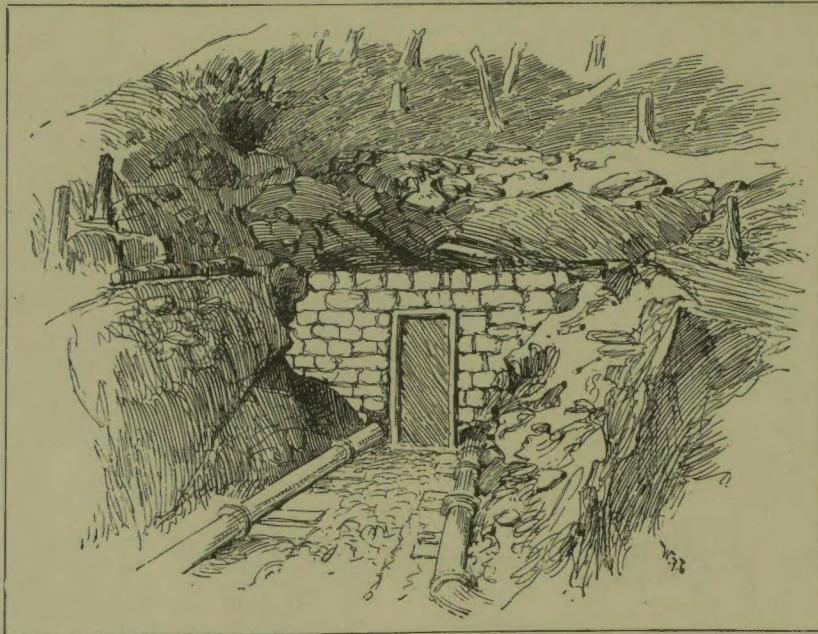
The Banff Sanitarium, under the charge of Dr. R. G. Brett, M.D., Medical Director, is a large building of three storeys, beautifully situated, which has comfortable rooms, attentive servants, well-furnished tables, and broad piazzas, with agreeable walks in the grounds, provision for cricket, lawn-tennis, and other games, and delightful rides and drives in the neighbourhood. Its site being 5400 ft. above the sea-level, the air is pure and bracing, while the mountains afford shelter from cold or rough winds, and there is almost an entire absence of clouds or mists.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Hotel at Banff contains more than two hundred rooms, with ice-cold mountain-spring water throughout the house and bath-houses supplied from the upper hot spring brought down 800 ft. in iron pipes. Several hundred feet below this spring are two others, within a hundred feet of each other. One is in a cave, or grotto, about 25 ft. in diameter, with a vaulted dome. It is entered by a tunnel a hundred feet long, and lighted by a natural opening at the apex, about two feet by three. In the grotto is a swimming-bath, surrounded by pretty stalactites, with water about 5 ft. deep boiling up from the sandy bottom; temperature, 95 deg. Cold water pours from one of the shell-shaped stalactites in sufficient quantity to make a cold shower. A hundred feet from this is another large pool, 20 ft. across, about the same size, and, being in the open air, the warm water can be seen boiling up through the sands. Both this and the cave springs have streams flowing from them as large as a first-class fire-engine could pump. The cave spring discharges at its outlet without colouring the soil along the rivulet; while the other makes a deposit as white as lime. This deposit is a magnesiate of lime, impregnated with iron and sulphur.

The mineral waters differ from each other, not only in the temperature of the waters, but also in their chemical composition. The temperature of the different springs varies from 85 deg. to 125 deg. Fahrenheit. They have proved of the most striking benefit to those suffering from various forms of rheumatic affections, scrofulous tumours and skin diseases, malarial poisoning of long standing, anæmia, and the troubles which have their seat in weakness of constitution or general debility. By allaying muscular and nervous irritability through their soothing influences on the peripheral nerves, sciatica and other neuralgias are greatly benefited. Owing to the saline qualities of some of the springs, certain complaints of the kidneys and liver, renal and biliary calculi,

dashed to atoms below. We look down from the railway, clinging to the mountain-side, upon the river valley, which here, suddenly widening, holds between the dark pine-clad mountains a mirror-like sheet of water, reflecting each peak and cliff with the most startling effect." Some distance beyond is the wide, forest-covered valley of the Columbia River, with the mountains of the Selkirk Range, to be illustrated in the next Sketches by our Special Artist.

British Columbia (including Vancouver, Queen Charlotte, and other islands along the coast) is that portion of Canada which looks out on the Pacific Ocean. It is the only British



SOURCE OF HOT SPRINGS AT BANFF.

Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

territory on the western or Pacific Ocean side of the North American continent. There is abundant proof of the existence of great mineral wealth in British Columbia. Gold, coal, silver, iron, copper, galena, mercury, platinum, antimony, bismuth, molybdenum, plumbago, mica, and other minerals have been discovered in different parts of the province; copper being very widely distributed. The rich valley of the Lower Fraser, or New Westminster district, is the largest compact agricultural district. It is on the mainland shore, opposite the south-eastern portion of Vancouver Island. The surface of the lower part of the valley is little above the sea-level. This is the only large tract of choice agricultural land, on the mainland of the North Pacific slope, that lies actually upon the ocean, with a shipping port in its midst. A navigable river cuts it through, which is sheltered at its mouth. The Canadian Pacific Railway, as already said, runs through the district. The river is full of salmon and other food-fish, and the district abounds with game. The delta lands and the clay loams can hardly be equalled for strength and richness, yielding great yields with comparatively careless cultivation. Much also of the interior is good farming land, and some highland districts afford very fine pasturage. The

SKETCHES IN MOROCCO.

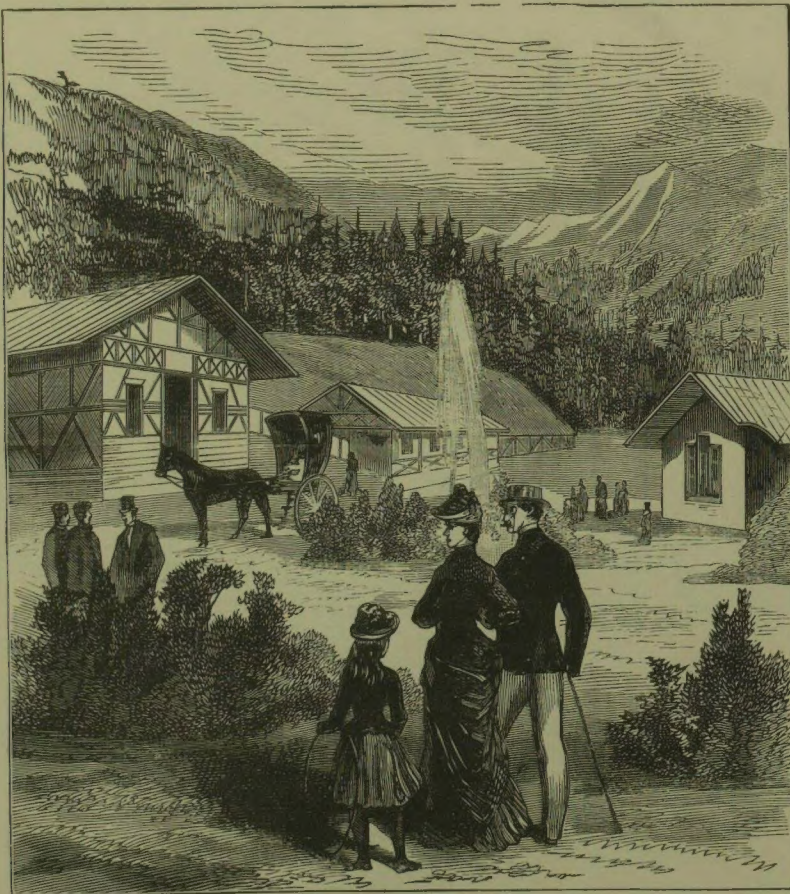
The military expedition performed this year by the Sultan of Morocco for the subjugation of the rebellious tribes in the mountain country of the interior has been repeatedly noticed. A French artist, M. Gabriel Nicolet, who accompanied the expedition some days, and who saw the reception of the Sultan at Mequinez after his return, and when he visited certain famous Mussulman shrines to give thanks for his success, has furnished several drawings illustrative of those remarkable scenes. The one now presented is that of a portion of the Sultan's army marching up the rocky pass of the Oued (Wady) Mlouia, beneath the high mountain called the Djebel Tsougt, near which a fierce battle was fought with the warriors of the Aitchoukmans tribe, and the troops of his Highness were in some peril of defeat.

In the provinces of Morocco nearer to the sea-coast, and usually accessible with entire safety to European visitors from Tangiers, the sports of wild-boar hunting, and of shooting quail, plover, and wild ducks, are enjoyed without interruption. We have received from an English artist and tourist, Mr. A. H. Berens, of London, the Sketches that appear on another page. He started from Tangiers, with three friends, on a hunting and shooting excursion. They encamped first at Shurfa Bulaishish, where the horses and mules were tethered, the tents were pitched, and the party made themselves comfortable, while their Arab servants duly engaged in evening prayer. Dinner was prepared by their skilful cook, a black man, and they dined and rested well. On the morrow they went to look for the wild boar. An enraged beast of that kind, when found and approached by the sportsmen, made a furious charge, but was effectually stopped by a shot from the Artist's rifle. On their return to the encampment, our friends were much inconvenienced by a tropical downpour of rain. Another day was employed in the pursuit of feathered game. Our correspondent rode a long way through the marsh-land, intent on making a good bag; he found plenty of duck and teal, but getting over such bad ground was a tedious experience. Plover were abundant on the plain; and he managed, by driving them up the wind, to bag several dozen of these birds. After the day's sport, and resting an hour or two in camp, he took a quiet nocturnal stroll, and got a sight of a family of porcupines feeding together, which he was careful not to alarm or disturb.

The Lord Mayor has become President of the Thames Church Mission.—The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress have consented to their names being added to the list of the general committee of the Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund, and contributions on behalf of the fund will be received at the Mansion House.

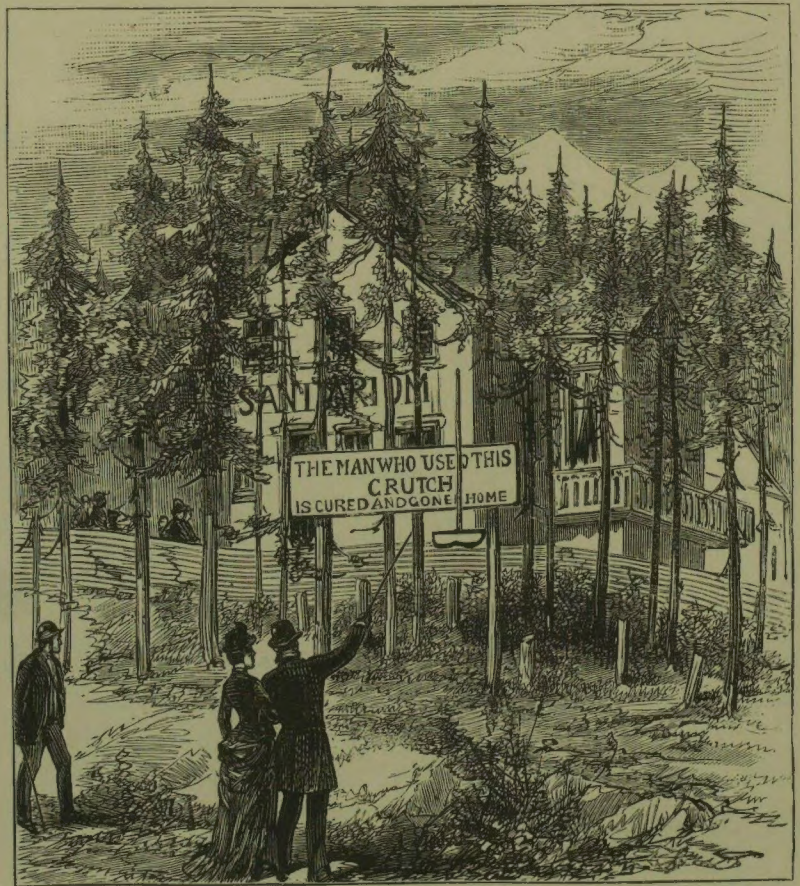
The fourth great terrier show (in conjunction with the Fox Terrier Club) has been held in St. Stephen's Hall, Westminster, adjacent to the Royal Aquarium, and there were upwards of 1000 entries, embracing terriers of all classes or denominations, the whole exhibition being arranged and conducted by Mr. Charles Cruft. The Grand Challenge Cup has been gained by Mr. A. H. Clarke, of Nottingham.

Mr. W. Crookes, F.R.S., has presented to the Department of Science and Art a collection of sixty-eight radiometers and similar instruments for permanent exhibition in the science galleries at the South Kensington Museum. They illustrate



LOWER HOT SPRINGS AND BATHS, BANFF.

Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



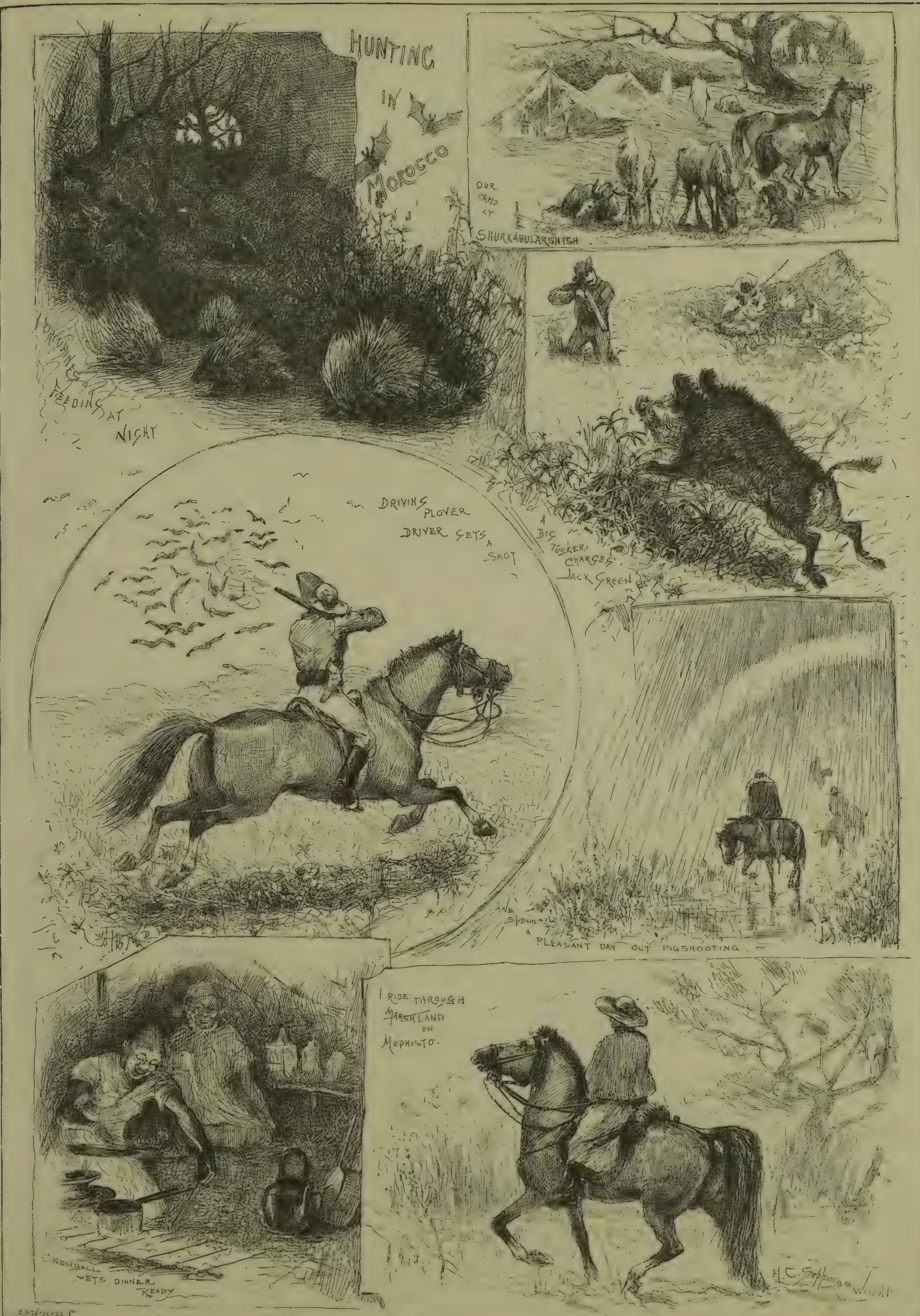
SANITARIUM, UPPER HOT SPRINGS, BANFF.

and catarrhal affections of various mucous membranes, are successfully treated.

The railway passes up the valley of the Bow River, from Banff, ascending the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains range, and entering the province of British Columbia, which is part of the Dominion of Canada. Passing the Summit Station, just a mile above the level of the sea, with three small green lakes in rocky recesses, it proceeds through the Kicking Horse Pass; here the streams begin to flow westward to the Pacific Ocean. "Ten miles beyond the summit of the pass," says a descriptive writer, "we round the base of Mount Stephen, a stupendous mountain rising directly from the railway to a height of more than 8000 ft., holding on one of its shoulders, almost over our heads, a glacier whose shining green ice, 500 ft. thick, is slowly crawling over the edge of a sheer precipice of dizzy height, from which falling fragments of ice are

climate of British Columbia, in general, is much more temperate than the climate of any part of Canada lying east of the Rocky Mountains. Behring's Straits, between America and Asia, are so narrow and shallow that not much of the icy Arctic current flows along the British Columbia coast. The Rocky Mountains, in British Columbia, trending north-westerly, keep off the cold north winds. Other causes of the temperate climate are the existence of a warm ocean current in the Pacific Ocean, which flows towards the coast; the prevalent warm south-westerly winds from that ocean, which blow over the country; and also the north and south direction of the principal valleys, up which warm air from the south is drawn. The forests yield a vast supply of timber, and the fisheries are of great value. The population of British Columbia is now about eighty thousand; its capital is Victoria, in Vancouver Island.

the steps by which Mr. Crookes was led to the construction of the radiometer, and to the production of motion and of phosphorescence by streams of electrified molecules in high vacua. Many of the instruments are of great historical interest. Inanimate pigeon shooting when introduced into this country was rather pooh-poohed, then tolerated, and now bids fair to become quite a popular amusement. Messrs. Cogswell and Harrison, of New Bond-street and the Strand, London, have lately brought out a new trap, the "Swiftsure," which throws a composition pigeon or saucer in a variety of ways—in fact, it may be considered as the finest thing of the kind yet introduced. The "Swiftsure" was pitted against the American at the Royal Artillery Club, Woolwich, the hon. secretary reporting thus:—"The 'Swiftsure' was excellent and superior to the American; the former trap threw the pigeons much farther and better."

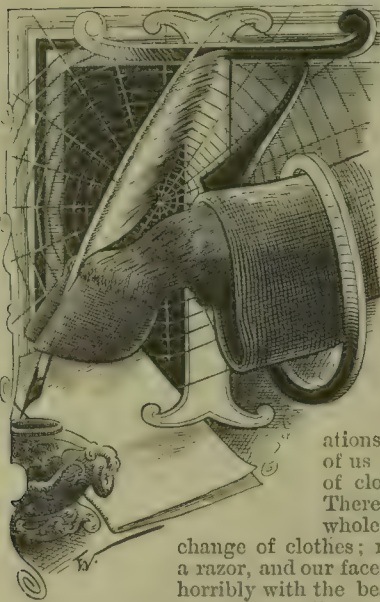


FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBBEON,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.



was a numerous company gathered together on the deck of the ship. By their dress they were country lads; by their pale cheeks they were prison birds, like ourselves; by their dismal faces they were, also, like ourselves, rebels condemned to the Plantations. Alas! how many of these poor fellows have returned to their homes, and how many lie in the graves of Jamaica, Virginia, and Barbadoes? As for preparations for a voyage, not one of us could make any, either of clothes or of provisions. There was not among the whole company so much as a change of clothes; nay, there was not even a razor, and our faces were already bristling horribly with the beards which before long made us look like so many Heyduces.

Among them I presently discerned, to my great surprise and joy, none other than Barnaby. His coat of scarlet was now so ragged and stained that neither colour nor original shape could be discerned, his ruffles and cravat of lace were gone, and the scarlet sash which had formerly carried his hanger was gone also. In a word, he was in rags and covered with the dust of the road. Yet his jolly countenance showed a satisfaction which contrasted greatly with the dejection of his companions. He sniffed the scent of tar and ropes with a joy which was visible to all, and he contemplated the ship and her rigging with the air of one who is at home.

Then he saw us and shouted to us while he made his way roughly through the rest.

"What cheer, ho! Humphrey, brave lad of boluses?" never did any man grasp the hand of friend with greater vigour. "This is better, I say, than the accursed prison, where one got never a breath of fresh air. Here one begins to smell salt water and tarred rope, which is a downright wholesome smell. Already I feel hearty again. I would willingly drink a tankard or two of black beer. What, Robin, what? We are not going to be hanged after all. Lift up thy head, therefore: is this a time for looking glum? We shall live to hang Judge Jeffreys yet!—what? Thy looks are but poorly, lad. Is it the prison or is it thy disappointment? That villain, Benjamin! Hark ye, Robin,"—some men's faces look black when they threaten but Barnaby's grew broader, as if the contemplation of revenge made him the happier—"Hark ye, this is my business. No one shall interfere with me in this. Benjamin is my affair. No one but I myself must kill Benjamin; not you, Humphrey, because he is your cousin; nor you, Robin, because you must not kill Alice's husband even to get back your own sweetheart." Barnaby spoke wisdom here; in spite of Robin's vows he could not get Alice for himself by killing her husband, unworthy though he was. "Benjamin," he went on, "may call her wife, but if he seek to make her his wife, if I know Sis a right, he will meet his match. As for her safety, I am certain that she is safe. For why? Wherever there are folks of her religious kidney, there will she find friends. Cheer up, Robin! Soon or late I will kill this fine husband of hers."

But Robin shook his head. Barnaby then asked if I knew whither we were bound. I told him Barbadoes, according to the information given me by Mr. Penne.

"Why," said Barnaby rubbing his hands, "this is brave news, indeed. There is no place I would sooner choose. 'Tis a small island, to begin with: give me a small island, so that the sea runneth all round about and is everywhere within easy reach. Where there is the sea there are boats; where there are boats there are the means of escape. Cheer up, my lads! I know the Spanish Main right well. Give me a tight boat, I care not how small, and a keg of water, and I will sail her anywhere. Ha! we are bound to Barbadoes, are we? This is truly brave news!"

I asked him, next, what kind of place it was? "It is a hot place," he replied. "A man is always thirsty, and there is plenty to drink except water, which is said to be scarce. But the merchants and the planters want none. They have wine of the best, of Spain and of France and of Madeira. Cider and strong ale they import from England. And drinks they make in the country—perino and mobbie—I remember—grippo and plantain wine and kill-devil. 'Tis a rare country for drink, and many there be who die of too much. Hold up thy head, Robin; we will drink damnation to Benjamin yet. But 'tis I who shall kill him. Courage, I say. What? Our turn will come!"

I told him, then, what had been done with Mr. George Penne—namely, the ransom bought by the Rector for us all, and the letter which I carried to Mr. Penne's correspondent.

"Why," he said, with some discontent, "we shall not be long upon the island after all, and perhaps the money might have been better bestowed. But 't was kindly done of the Rector. As for the banishment, I value it not one farthing. One place is as good as another; and, for my own part, I love the West Indies. We shall have our choice among them all, because, where there are boats and the open sea, a man can go whithersoever pleaseth him best. The voyage out"—he glanced round him—"will, I fear, be choking work—the rations will be short, there will be neither drink nor tobacco, and at nights we shall lie close. A more melancholy company I never saw. Patience, my lads; our turn will come."

Well, 't was a special mercy that we had with us one man, at least, who preserved his cheerfulness, for the rest of the company were as melancholy as King James himself could have desired. Indeed, to look back upon the voyage is to recall the most miserable time that can be imagined. First of all, as I have said, we were wholly unprepared for a voyage, having nothing at all with us. Then we had bad weather at the outset, which not only made our people ill, but caused the biscuit to be mostly spoiled, so that before the end of the voyage a few peas with the sweepings of the biscuit-room, and sometimes a little tough beef, was all our diet, and for drink nothing, not so much as a pannikin of beer, but water, and that turbid, and not too much of it.

As for me, I kept my health chiefly by the method common among physicians—namely, by watching the symptoms of

others. But mostly was I concerned with the condition of Robin. For the poor lad, taking so much to heart the dreadful villainy which had been practised upon Alice, never once held up his head, and would talk and think of nothing else but of that poor maid.

"Where is she?" he asked a hundred times. "Where hath she found a shelter and a hiding-place? How shall she escape the villain who will now do what he pleases since we are out of his way? And no help for her—not any until she die, or until he dies! And we cannot even send her a letter to console her poor heart! Humphrey, it drives me mad to think that every day carries us further from her. If I could but be with her to protect her against her husband! Humphrey, Barnaby said well: I could not get her back to me over the dead body of her husband. But to protect her—to stand between her and the man she hath sworn to obey!"

There is no more dangerous condition of the mind than that which we call despair. It is, I take it, a disease, and that of the most dangerous kind. I have observed many men in that condition. With some, the devil enters into them, finding all the doors open and unguarded; nay, he even receives a warm welcome. With others it is as if the body itself was left without its armour—a cheerful and hopeful mind being certainly an armour against disease, capable of warding off many of those invisible arrows which are always flying about the air and striking us down with fevers, agues, calentures, and other pains and grievous diseases.

I marvel that more of the men on board were not sick; for, to begin with, the water soon became thick and swarmed with wriggling creatures difficult to avoid in drinking; and then, though during the day we were allowed to be on deck (where the air was fresh even if the sun was hot), at night we were terribly crowded below, and lay too close for health or for comfort. However, we finally made Carlisle Bay and the port of St. Michael's or the Bridge. And I must say this for Barnaby, that he maintained throughout the whole voyage his cheerfulness, and that he never ceased to make his plans for escape, drawing on a paper, which he procured, a rough chart of the Spanish Main, with as many islands as he could remember. Of these there are hundreds, some desolate and safe for fugitives, some with neither water nor green trees, and some with springs and woods, wild fruit, land turtles on the shore, fish in the sea, and everything that man can desire.

We made the land, after I know not how many weeks, one day in the forenoon.

"Barbadoes," said Barnaby, pointing to a little cloud far away on the horizon. "Well; of this job I am wellnigh sick. To-morrow, if the wind holds, we shall have sailed round the island, and shall beat up for Carlisle Bay. Well, it is lucky for us that we have this letter of Mr. Penne's. We will go—I know the place well—to the sign of the Rock and Turtle, kept by old Mother Rosemary, if she lives still, or, if she be dead, by one of her daughters—she had fifty daughters, at least, all buxom mulatto girls. There will we put off these filthy rags, have a wash in a tub of fresh water, get shaven, and then with smooth chins and clean shirts we will sit down to a dinner such as the old woman knows how to make, a potato-pudding and Scots collops with Rhenish wine, and afterwards a cool cup of beverage, which is nothing in the world but squeezed limes, with sugar and water, fit for such a womanly stomach as yours, Doctor. With this, and a pipe of tobacco, and perhaps a song and (when your Worship hath gone to bed) a dance from one of the girls—I say, my lad, with this I shall be ready to forget Sedgemoor and to forgive Judge Jeffreys. When we are tired of Barbadoes, we will take boat and sail away. I know one island, at least, where they care nothing for King James. Thither will we go, my lad."

Well; what we found at our port, and how we fared, was not quite as Barnaby expected and hoped, as you shall hear. But I must admire the cunning of the man Penne, who not only took from Alice—poor child!—all her brother's money, amounting to two hundred and fifty pounds or thereabouts (which you have read), on the pretext of bestowing it for the advantage of all, but also received two hundred guineas from Mr. Boscorel on the same pretence. This made in all four hundred and fifty pounds. And not one penny—not a single penny—of this great sum did the man spend upon the purpose for which it was given him.

You have heard how the merchants and planters came aboard the ships which put in with servants and slaves, and how these are put for sale, one at a time. As was the sale described by Alice, just such was ours: though, I take it, our lads were not so miserable a company as were those on board her ship. Pale of cheek they looked, and dejected, and some were sick with various disorders, caused by the confinement of the prison or the sufferings of the voyage. They put us up one after the other, and we were sold. I forget what I myself fetched, and indeed it matters not, save that many jests were passed at our expense, and that when one was put up—as Robin, for instance—who had been a Captain in the rebel army, the salesman was eloquent in praise of his rich and illustrious family who would never endure that this unfortunate man should continue in servitude. But Barnaby put his tongue in his cheek and laughed.

When the sale was concluded, we were bundled into boats and taken ashore to the barracoen, of which you have heard from Alice. Here the same officer as read to her party the laws concerning servants and their duties, and the punishments which await transgressors, read them also to ourselves.

"Faith," Barnaby whispered, "there will be great scoring of backs before many days are done, unless their bark is worse than their bite."

This business dispatched, I thought it was time to present my letter. Therefore I stepped forward, and informed the officer who, by reason of his gown and wig and the beads who were with him, I judged to be some lawyer, that, with my cousin and another, I held a letter which should hold us free from servitude.

"Ay, ay," he said. "Where is that letter?" So I gave it to him. 'Twas addressed to one Jonathan Polwhele, and enjoined him to receive the three prisoners, named Humphrey Challis, Robin Challis, and Barnaby Eykin, to pay for them such sums as would reasonably be required to redeem them from servitude, and to advance them such moneys as they would want at the outset for maintenance, the whole to be accounted for in Mr. Jonathan Polwhele's next despatches to his obedient, much obliged servant, G. P.

"Sir," said the officer, when he had read the letter through, "this epistle is addressed to one Jonathan Polwhele. There is no merchant or planter of that name on the whole island."

He gave me back the letter. "If this," he said, "is all you have to show, there is no reason why you and your friends should not march with the rest."

Truly, we had nothing else to show. Not only was there no one named Polwhele on the island, but there never had been anyone of that name. Therefore it was plain that we had been tricked, and that the man George Penne was a villain. Alas! poor Barnaby! Where now were his cool cups and his pipe of tobacco? Then the officer beckoned to a gentleman—a sober and grave person—standing near, and spoke to him.

"Gentlemen," said the merchant, "permit me to read this

letter. So, it is the handwriting of Mr. George Penne, which I know well. There is here some strange mistake. The letter is addressed to Mr. Jonathan Polwhele; but there is no one of that name in the place. I am myself Mr. Penne's correspondent in this island. My name, gentlemen, is Sefton, not Polwhele."

"Sir," I said, "do you know Mr. Penne?"

"I have never seen him. He consigns to my care, once or twice a year, a cargo of transported servants, being rogues and thieves sent here, instead of to the gallows. He ships them to my care, I say, as he hath shipped the company arrived this morning; and I sell them for him, taking for my share a percentage, as agreed upon, and remitting to him the balance in sugar and tobacco."

"Is there no letter from him?"

"There is a letter in which he advises me of so many rebels consigned to me, in order to be sold. Some among them, he says, were Captains and officers in Monmouth's army, and some are of good family, among whom he especially names Robin and Humphrey Challis. But there is not a word about ransom."

"Sir," I said, knowing nothing as yet of Alice and her money, "two hundred guineas have been paid to Mr. Penne by the Rev. Philip Boscorel, Rector of Bradford Orcas, in the county of Somerset, for our ransom."

"Nothing is said of this," he replied gravely. "Plainly, gentlemen, without despatches from Mr. Penne I cannot act for you. You have a letter. It is written by that gentleman; it is addressed to Mr. Polwhele; it says nothing about Barbadoes, and would serve for Jamaica or for Virginia. So great a sum as two hundred guineas cannot have been forgotten. I exhort you, therefore, to patience until other letters arrive. Why, two hundred guineas would have gone far to redeem you all three, and to maintain you for a great while. Gentlemen, I am grieved for you, because there is, for the present, no help for it, but that you must go with the planter who hath bought you, and obey his orders. I will, however, send to Mr. Penne an account of this charge, and I would advise that you lose no time in writing to your friends at home."

"Heart up, lad!" cried Barnaby, for I turned faint upon this terrible discovery and would have fallen but he held me up. "Patience! our turn will come."

"Write that letter," said the merchant again. "Write that letter quickly, so that it may go with the next vessel. Otherwise, the work is hard, and the heat is great." So he turned and left us.

"Courage, man!" said Barnaby. "To every dog his day. If now, for five minutes only I could have my thumb on Mr. Penne's windpipe and my fingers round his neck! And I thought to spend the evening joyfully at Mother Rosemary's! Courage, lad! I have seen already," he whispered, "a dozen boats in the bay, any one of which will serve our turn."

But Robin paid no heed, whatever happened. He stood up when his name was called, and was sold without showing any emotion. When we found that we had been tricked he seemed as if he neither heard nor regarded.

When all was ready we were marched, twenty in number, along a white and dusty road, to our estate. By great good fortune—rather by Providence—we were all bought by the same master. He was, it is true, a bad man; but to be bought all together was a happiness which we could not expect. He bought us all because he understood that we belonged to the same family (and that one of position), in the hope of receiving substantial ransom. This man rode with us, accompanied by two overseers (these were themselves under the same sentence) who cracked their whips continually, and cursed us if we lagged. Their bark was worse, we afterwards found, than their bite; for it was only in the master's presence that they behaved thus brutally, and in order to curry favour with him and to prevent being reduced again to the rank of those who served in the field. There was no doubt, from the very outset, that we were afflicted with a master whose like, I would hope, is not to be found upon the island of Barbadoes. Briefly, he was one whose appearance, voice, and manner, all alike proclaimed him openly to all the world as a drunkard, a profligate, and a blasphemer. A drunkard he was of that kind who are seldom wholly drunk and yet are never sober; who begin the day with a glass and go on taking more glasses all day long, with small ale for breakfast, strong ale and Madeira for dinner, a tankard in the afternoon, and for supper more strong ale and Madeira; and before bed another tankard. As for compassion, or tenderness, or any of the virtues which a man who holds other men in slavery ought to possess, he had none of them.

Let me speak of him with no more bitterness than is necessary. We have, I think, all forgiven him, and he hath long since gone to a place where he can do no more harm to any, but awaiteth judgment—perhaps, in the sure and certain hope of which the funeral service speaks—but this is open to doubt.

When we were arrived at the estate, the Master dismounted, gave his horse to a negro, and ordered us to be drawn up in line.

He then made a short speech. He said that he had bought us, rebels and villains as we were, and that he meant to get his money's worth out of us or he would cut us all to pieces: other things he told us, which I pass over because they were but repetitions of this assurance. He then proceeded to examine us in detail. When he came to me he cursed and swore because he said he had been made to pay for a sound, proper man, and had got a crookback for his bargain. I told him that, with submission, he might find the crookback, who was a physician, a more profitable bargain than many a stronger man.

"What?" he roared. "Thou art a physician, eh? Wouldst slink out of the field-work and sit idle among bottles and boluses? John"—he turned to one of the overseers—"pay particular attention, I command thee, to this learned physician. If he so much as turn round in his work make his shoulders smart."

"Ay, ay, Sir," said the overseer.

"And what art thou, Sirrah?" He turned next to Barnaby. "Another learned physician, no doubt—or a Divine, a Bishop likely, or a Dean at the least?"

"As for what I was," said Barnaby, "that is neither here nor there. For what I am? I suppose I am your servant for ten years, or until our pardons are sent us."

"Thou art an impudent dog, I dare swear," returned the master. "I remember, now. Thou wast a Captain in the rebel army, once a sailor. Well, take care, lest thou taste the cat."

"Gentlemen who are made to taste the cat," said Barnaby, "are apt to remember the taste of it when their time is up."

"What?" he cried. "You dare to threaten? Take that—and that!" and so began to belabour him about the head. I trembled lest Barnaby should return the blows. But he did not. He only held up his arm to protect his head, and presently, when the master desisted, he shook himself like a dog.

"I promise you I shall remember the taste of that wood," he said quietly.

The master looked as if he would renew the cudgelling, but thought better of it.



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

"Sixty pounds a-piece, Gentlemen, will purchase your freedom. Till then, the fields. And no difference between white and black; but one whip for both." We made no reply, but took the hoes which were given out to us.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

Then, without more violence, we were assigned our quarters. A cottage or hut was given to us. We were served with a hammock and a rug each; a pannikin, basin, spoon and platter for each; a Monmouth cap; two shirts, common and coarse; two pairs of canvas breeches, and a pair of shoes for each—so that we looked for all the world like the fellows who live by loading and unloading the ships in the port of Bristol. Yet the change after the long voyage was grateful. They served us next with some of the stuff they call loblollie, and then the night fell and we lay down in our hammocks, which were certainly softer than the planks of the ship, and then fell fast asleep in spite of the humming and the biting of the merrywings, and so slept till the break of day.

CHAPTER XL.

WITH THE HOE.

Before it was daylight we were aroused by the discordant clang of a bell: work was about to begin.

In these latitudes there is little twilight; the day begins as it ends, with a kind of suddenness. I arose, being thus summoned, and looked out. Long rays of light were shooting up the sky from the east, and, though the stars were still visible, the day was fast breaking. In a few moments it became already so light that I could see across the yard—or what the Italians would call the piazza—with its ragged bonannow-leaves, the figures of our fellow slaves moving about the huts, and hear their voices. Alas! sad and melancholy are the voices of those who work upon his Majesty's Plantations. Two old negresses went about among the newcomers carrying a bucketful of their yellow mess, which they distributed among us, and giving us to understand that this bowl of yellow porridge, or loblollie, made out of Indian corn, was all we should have before dinner. They also gave us to understand in their broken English, which is far worse than the jargon talked by some of our country people, that we should have to prepare our own meals for the future, and that they would show us how to make this delectable mess.

"Eat it," said Barnaby; "a pig is better fed at home. Eat it, Robin, lest thou faint in the sun. Perhaps there will be something better for dinner. Heigho! only to think of Mother Rosemary's, where I thought to lie last night! Patience, lads!"

One would not seem to dwell too long on the simple fare of convicts, therefore I will say, once for all, that our rations consisted of nothing at all but the Indian meal and of salt beef or salt fish. The old hands and the negro slaves know how to improve their fare in many ways, and humane masters will give their servants quantities of the fruits such as grow here in great abundance—as plantains, lemons, limes, bonannows, guavas, and the like. And many of the black slaves have small gardens behind their huts, where they grow onions, yams, potatoes, and other things which they cultivate on Sundays. They are all great thieves also, stealing, whenever they can, poultry, eggs, and fruit, so that they grow fat and sleek, while the white servants daily grow more meagre, and fall into diseases by reason of the poorness of their food. Then, as to drink, there are many kinds of drink (apart from the wines of Spain, Portugal, Canary, Madeira, and France) made in the country itself, such as mobbie, which is a fermented liquor of potatoes; and perino, from the liquor of chewed cassava root; punch, which is water and sugar left to work for ten days; rum, which is distilled in every Ingenio, and is a spirit as strong as brandy, and said to be more wholesome. Those who have been long in the island, even the servants, though without a penny, know how and where to get these drinks; and since there is no consoler, to the common sort, so good as strong drink, those who are able to drink every day of these things become somewhat reconciled to their lot.

"Come out, ye dogs of rebels and traitors!" It was the loud and harsh voice of the master himself, who thus disturbed us at our breakfast. 'Twas his custom thus to rise early, and to witness the beginning of the day's work. And 'twas his kindly nature which impelled him thus to welcome and encourage his newly-bought slaves. "Come out, I say! Ye shall now show of what stuff ye are made. Instead of pulling down your lawful King, ye shall pull up your lawful master and make him rich. If ye never did a day's work in your lives, ye shall now learn the how by the must. Come forth, I say, ye lazy, guzzling skulkers!"

"Ay, ay," said Barnaby, leisurely scraping his bowl, "we are like, indeed, to be overfed here." He rolled sailor fashion out of the hut.

"Barnaby," I said, "for God's sake say nothing to anger the master! There is no help but in patience and in hope."

So we, too, went forth. The master, red-faced as he was, looked as if he had been drinking already.

"So," he cried, "here is the learned physician. Your health, Doctor. And here is the gallant Captain, who was once a sailor. The air of the fields, Captain, will remind you, perchance, of the quarter-deck. This young gentleman looks so gallant and gay that I warrant he will ply the hoe with a light and frolick heart. Your healths, gentlemen. Hark ye now. You are come of a good stock, I hear. Therefore have I bought you at a great price, looking to get my money back and more. Some planters would suffer you to lie at your ease cockered up with bonavist and Madeira till the money comes. As for me, I shall now show you what you will continue to do, unless the money comes. Therefore you will at once, I doubt not, ask for paper and pen and presently write. Sixty pounds a-piece, gentlemen—not one penny less—will purchase your freedom. Till then, the fields. And no difference between white and black; but one whip for both."

We made no reply, but took the hoes which were given out to us and marched with the rest of the melancholy troop.

There were as many blacks as whites. We were divided into gangs; with every gang a driver armed with a whip; and over all the overseers, who, by their severity, showed their zeal for the master. The condition of slavery hath in it something devilish, both for those who are slaves and those who are masters. The former it drives into despair, and fills with cunning, dishonesty, treachery, and revenge. Why, the black slaves have been known to rise in rebellion, and while they had the power have inflicted tortures unheard-of upon their masters. The latter it makes cruel and unfeeling; it tempts them continually to sins of all kinds; it puts into their power the lives, the bodies—nay, the very souls—of the poor folk whom they buy. I do maintain, and conceal not my opinion, that no man ought, in a Christian country, to be a slave except for a term of years, and then for punishment. I have been myself a slave, and I know the misery and the injustice of the condition. But it is idle to hope that the planters will abandon this means of cultivating their estates, and it is certain that in hot countries no man will work except by compulsion.

The whip carried by the driver is a dreadful instrument, long, thick, and strongly plaited, with a short handle. It is coiled and slung round the shoulders when it is not being used to terrify or to punish, and I know well that its loud crack produces upon the mind a sensation of fear and of horror such as the thunder of artillery or the sight of the enemy charging could never cause even to a coward. The fellows are also extremely dextrous in the use of it: they can inflict a

punishment not worse than the flogging of a schoolboy; or, with no greater outward show of strength, they will cut and gash the flesh like a Russian executioner with the cruel instrument which they call the knout.

For slight offences, such as laziness or carelessness in the field, the former is administered; but for serious offences, the latter. One sad execution (I cannot call it less) I myself witnessed. What the poor wretch had done I know not, but I can never forget his piercing shrieks as the whip cut into the bleeding flesh. This is not punishment: it is savage and revengeful cruelty. Yet the master and the overseers looked on with callous eyes.

They marched us to a field about half a mile from our village or camp, and there, drawing us up in line, set us to work. Our task was with the hoe, to dig out square holes, each of the same depth and size, in which the sugar canes are planted, a small piece of old cane being laid in each. These holes are cut with regularity and exactness, in long lines and equally distant from each other. It is the driver's business to keep all at work at the same rate of progress, so that no one should lag behind, no one should stop to rest or breathe, no one should do less than his neighbours. The poor wretches with bent bodies streaming with their exertions, speedily become afflicted with a burning thirst; their legs tremble; their backs grow stiff and ache; their whole bodies become full of pain; and yet they may not rest nor stand upright to breathe a while, nor stop to drink, until the driver calls a halt. From time to time the negroes—men and women alike—were dragged out of the ranks and laid on the ground, three or four at a time, to receive lashes for not making the holes deep enough or fast enough. At home, one can daily see the poor creatures flogged in Bridewell; every day there are rogues tied to the cart-wheel and flogged well-nigh to death; but a ploughman is not flogged for the badness of his furrow, nor is a cobbler flogged because he maketh his shoon ill. And our men do not shriek and scream so wildly as the negroes, who are an ignorant people and have never learned the least self-restraint. It was horrid also to see how their bodies were scarred with the marks of old floggings and branded with letters to show by whom they had been bought. As for our poor fellows, who had been brave recruits in Monmouth's army, they trembled at the sight and worked all the harder; yet some of them with the tears in their eyes, to think that they should be brought to such a dismal fate and to herd with these poor, ignorant, black people.

'Twas the design of the master to set us to the very hardest work from the beginning, so that we should be the more anxious to get remission of our pains. For it must not be supposed that all the work on the estate was so hard and irksome as that with the hoe—which is generally kept for the strongest and hardest of the negroes, men and women. There are many other employments: some are put to weed the canes, some to fell wood, some to cleave it, some to attend the Ingenio, the boiling-house, the still-house, the curing-house; some to cut the maize, some to gather provisions, of bonavist, maize, yams, potatoes, cassava, and the like. Some for the smith's forge; some to attend to the oxen and sheep; some to the camels and assinegos, and the like: so that had the master pleased he might have set us to work better fitted to English gentlemen. Well, his greediness and cruelty were defeated, as you shall presently see. As for the domestic economy of the estate, there were on it 500 acres of land, of which 200 were planted with sugar, 80 for pasture, 120 for wood, 30 for tobacco, 5 for ginger, and as many for cotton wool, and 70 for provisions—viz., corn, potatoes, plantains, cassava, and bonavist—with a few for fruit. There were ninety-six negroes, two or three Indian women with their children, and twenty-eight Christian servants, of whom we were three.

At eleven o'clock we were marched back to dinner. At one we went out again, the sun being at this time of the day very fierce, though January is the coldest month in the year. We worked till six o'clock in the evening, when we returned.

"This," said Robin, with a groan, "is what we have now to do every day for ten years."

"Heart up, lads!" said Barnaby; "our time will come. Give me time to turn round, as a body may say. Why, the harbour is full of boats. Let me get to the port and look round a bit. If we had any money now—but that is past praying for. Courage and patience! Doctor, you hoe too fast: no one looks for zeal. Follow the example of the black fellows, who think all day long how they shall get off with as little work as possible. As for their lash, I doubt whether they dare to lay it about us, though they may talk. Because you see, even if we do not escape, we shall some time or other, through the Rector's efforts, get a pardon, and then we are gentlemen again; and when that moment arrives, I will make this master of ours fight, willy-nilly, and I will kill him, d'ye see, before I go home to kill Benjamin."

He then went on to discourse (either with the hope of raising our spirits or because it cheered his mind just to set them forth) upon his plans for the means of escape.

"A boat," he said, "I can seize. There are many which would serve our purpose. But a boat without victuals would be of little use. One would not be accused of stealing, yet we may have to break into the store and take therefrom some beef or biscuit. But where to store our victuals? We may have a voyage of three or four hundred knots before us. That is nothing for a tight little boat when the hurricane season is over. We have no compass either—I must lay hands upon a compass. The first Saturday night I will make for the port and cast about. Lift up your head, Robin. Why, man, all bad times pass if only one hath patience."

It was this very working in the field by which the master thought to drive us into despair, which caused in the long run our deliverance, and that in the most unexpected manner.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Richard Arthur Bosanquet, youngest son of the late Mr. Samuel Richard Bosanquet, of Dingestow Court, Monmouth, and Ruth Rivers Thompson, eldest daughter of Sir A. Rivers Thompson, K.C.S.I., late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, were married on Nov. 15 at St. Jude's, South Kensington. Mr. W. F. Courthope accompanied the bridegroom as best man. The bride was given away by her father. There were seven bridesmaids—Misses Dora, Rachel, and Bertha Rivers Thompson, sisters of the bride; and Miss Bosanquet, Miss Lloyd, and Misses Ethel and Lilian Bosanquet, nieces of the bridegroom.

Science teaches us that salt meat has considerably less nutritive power than fresh meat. The same principle applies in a higher degree to liquid extracts of meat, or so-called beef-tea, or bouillons. According to analysis by Dr. Rudolf Sendtner, published by the Royal Analytical Institute of Munich, most of these liquid extracts contain only a very small proportion of real extract of meat, but an enormous quantity of salt; and Dr. Sendtner obtained as a result that the Liebig Company's extract of meat contains no added salt, and, consequently, that beef-tea made from this company's extract is of great nutritive value.

"HIS FIRST VISIT TO THE FLOCK."

The sweet little stranger, the most innocent of human lambs, whom the sheep are looking at with natural surprise, has been carried to the field by the shepherd's wife, bringing perhaps her husband's dinner. Laid on the grass and carefully wrapped up in shawls, guarded by the faithful dog who is the trusty and familiar friend of the flock, this tender babe will slumber in safety, and the fresh air will do him good. We are told, by the title of the picture, that it is "his first visit," and he is scarcely yet old enough to notice the difference between sheep and dog. Happy is the child whose infant experiences are those of pastoral life, not of street gutters, rattling wheels, a chimney-smoke sky, a din of coarse, brawling voices, and the sordid strife of town! This picture, by Mr. S. G. Carter, was much admired at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours' last exhibition.

The official returns of the Queen's Edinburgh Rifle Brigade for the year which closed on Oct. 31, show that the corps has the large number of 2404 officers and men on the roll, of whom 2380 are efficient. The total of officers and sergeants earning the extra capitation grant is 212, and 32 officers have passed in tactics.

The three-days' military fête at the Royal Aquarium—the proceeds of which go towards the erection of a drill-hall for the 2nd London Rifle Volunteers—was brought to a conclusion on Saturday evening, Nov. 17, in the presence of a large audience. In the various competitions, such as boxing, fencing, tugs-of-war, both volunteers and regulars took part; and the concluding item in a long programme was a display of mimic warfare. This gave great satisfaction.

Miss Grace Hawthorne has kindly given permission for a ticket benefit at the Royal Princess's Theatre for all morning and evening performances from Monday, Nov. 19, to Friday, Nov. 30, on behalf of the Christ Church East London Half-penny Dinners. All tickets bought direct of Mrs. Priscilla Jay, Christ Church Vicarage, Watney-street, E., will benefit the charity. Last year over 40,000 dinners were provided for £131 12s. 5d., including all working expenses and a new cooker.

The Copley medal of the Royal Society has this year been awarded to Professor Huxley, in recognition of his investigations into the morphology and histology of vertebrate and invertebrate animals, and for his services to biological science in general during many past years; the Rumford medal is to be given to Professor Tacchini, renowned for his researches in solar physics; and the Davy medal to Mr. Crookes, for his researches on the electric discharge in high vacua.

Mr. Arnold Morley, M.P., presided over a large gathering at the Lambeth Baths on Nov. 17, when the twenty-seventh series of winter meetings was opened. He expressed his sympathy with a movement the object of which was the recreation and social amelioration of the people. He was glad to observe in South London a general desire to establish free libraries, polytechnic institutions, people's parks, and picture galleries. Mr. Causton, M.P., Mr. W. A. McArthur, Mr. J. H. Raper, and Mr. G. Howlett also addressed the meeting.

Ready December 3,

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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NOVEMBER 24, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, Twopence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, One Penny. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, Threepence; THIN EDITION, One Penny. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, Fourpence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, Threepence.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

WINTER LIFE.

Now that the "sere and yellow" season is almost on the wane, life in the fields appears to be settling down into its winter moods and tempers. Bare fields and naked branches will soon be the normal state of things out-of-doors, and only the evergreens will remain to remind us of the rosy time of year. The puzzle of life includes among its many details the consideration of the manner in which plants which do not die down after a single season's life, contrive to husband their vital resources, and to survive through winter's cold until the next spring calls forth their energies anew. From a thought such as this, one's mind careers forth to make further inquiries about animals that seem to repose during the cold season in that state of life to which learned folk apply the term "hibernation." The cold season is the zero-time of vitality. When we think of the results which winter naturally brings to life's children, we may gain some idea of the effects upon this "fine old world of ours" of glacial epochs and ice ages, which, after all, were but winters on a big, if somewhat erratic, scale. Seasonal variations, to use an apt term of science, mean much, or everything, to animals and plants. Cold and heat are Nature's chief conditions, under which all her children live and flourish, or, contrariwise, succumb and perish. Life in one phase may be extinguished by cold; the advent of winter is the death-warrant for many animals and plants. Others, again, have learned to tide over the cold and the snow. They have acquired a more determined vitality than their less robust and more transient neighbours, and they contrive to husband resources and to eke out subsistence until the warmer days bring them once again into their safe havens. The difference between living things which are annuals, to use the gardener's term, and those which are perennial, to my mind, merely expresses the result of some fortunate habit or other on the part of the temporary and persistent organisms respectively. Once upon a time, they contrived to tide over the cold season, in twos and threes, and by virtue of transmitted vigour, have come to number their days in years, in place of months.

What is true of plants holds good of animals also. A juvenile friend of mine, who, like most children, is a most pertinent questioner about Nature's ways and works, asked me lately, as a person likely to know, "Where do the flies go to in winter?" I am afraid my somewhat evasive reply disappointed my interrogator, and invested him with a certain amount of disrespect for the universality and completeness of scientific knowledge, which I trust he will amend and correct as the days pass over his head. In truth, he might as well have asked me "Where all the pins go to?" in so far as the possibility of an accurate reply is concerned. That flies must hibernate somewhere and somehow is evident. Knowing that *Omne vivum ex vivo*, as old Redi put it three hundred years ago, is a rule of Nature which seems to want even the proverbial exception, one must presume, logically, that the flies of each year transmit their likeness onwards to the next. You cannot, on the clear principle of *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, get a fresh crop of flies out of nothing. Therefore, either parent insects or preserved eggs (in a zoological sense) must see each winter and spring out and over, and must wake up into active life in the summer, when the social nuisances buzz about our ears, tickle our noses, scratch our furniture with their tongues, and drown themselves in the cream by way of adding insult to injury. I read the other day of some prying human being who, in the course of an investigation in his house-tops, came upon crowds of lethargic flies clustered on the rafters of his domicile. Doubtless, these were the survivors of the fly-paper, spider, and towel-crusades of summer. There is more in such a discovery than meets the eye. Instinct, blind, it may be, but all the more unerring on that account, led these belated flies to hide themselves in a place where their winter slumbers were unlikely to be disturbed. Save when a cistern has to be cleaned out (a duty which, unfortunately, Paterfamilias is not given to regard at all as a necessity for health) humanity, unlike the cats, rarely ventures towards the tiles. The winter sleep of the flies is undisturbed. Comatose as a drugged man, the fly adheres to the rafters, and snores all through the cold. Life dies down, but is not extinguished. Then, when the warm weather arrives, fly-anatomy receives a physiological fillip. The heart begins to beat more quickly, and fly-nature awakes to the notion that "things are getting lively," as the boys say. Then hunger asserts its universal sway. Cautiously, one by one, we can imagine the half-frozen flies thawing themselves in the sunshine. We know how they do appear at first, by twos and threes, and how they gradually increase in numerical strength by leaps and starts. And so, in a week or two, the rafters will be deserted, and the beginnings of a fresh summer-population will make their advent from the crop of eggs that has been deposited and developed with all the industry inherent in the reviving colony.

Science may lead us, by aid of parallels, a little nearer still towards this problem of habit as influencing the successful tiding over of life's hard times and seasons. For one thing, we know of many instances and examples of living things surviving the extremes of heat and cold. There are germs you may boil for lengthened periods, but which revive and multiply when they cool down. There are plants which flourish in dreary Arctic wastes amid perpetual ice and snow. All we seem to require for recovery from untoward conditions, as the fashionable physician puts it to his gouty patient, is "Elasticity of constitution"; and it is not to be denied that some animals and plants fully illustrate this desirable constitutional quality. There is a group of animalcules, for example, known as the *Rotifera*, or "wheel-animalcules." They were first made known to science by old Leeuwenhoek, a Dutchman, who was among the first to take to grinding microscope-lenses. He found them in the debris of the gutters on his house-roof, and figured their "wheels," from which the animalcules derive their name. These "wheels" do not revolve, however, but are simply discs fringed with vibrating threads or cilia, and by their aid the animalcules swim freely in their native waters. Experiment has shown us that these wheel-bearers possess an "elasticity of constitution" to be admired and envied. You can dry them up from the microscope-slide on which they are careering in all their activity. You may keep them for weeks, months, or even years in this desiccated state, dried and parched as mummies; yet, upon the application of a little moisture, they resume all the functions of life with renewed vigour. Now, a wheel-animalcule is much more than a speck of protoplasm. It is a highly-organised animal, with nerves, digestive apparatus, and so forth, all complete. In what state or condition it exists as the dried atom, I know not. Science calls this state one of "dormant vitality"; but that, of course, is a mere name, and explains nothing. Yet the case of the "wheel-bearers" teaches us a lesson regarding life at large. Somehow or other they have succeeded in resisting heat and cold, dryness, and other conditions injurious to life at large. Their higher and lower neighbours, who live on through winters to succeeding springs and summers, have only imitated the "wheel-bearers" afar off, in that they resist the chill which sends countless numbers of their fellows to their graves.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W. HERTZMAN (Aberdeen).—Your problem is neat, but very elementary in idea. It is a position of a type as old as the hills.

Mrs W. J. BARR.—Further examination of your problem leads us to think it scarcely does you justice. We should like that in three moves in exchange.

W. PARSONS.—In both problems White's play is what we would call "brutal." Black has no resources leading to other interesting mating positions, and White just carries out what he threatens.

DR. LAW (Sheffield).—Thanks for problem, which shall receive due attention.

DR. HOGLISWORTH (Birmingham).—No; Black replies by 1. P to K 3rd.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LORRAINE.—J. Wade, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, W.C.

B. W. LA MOTHE (New York).—Many thanks for corrected diagram. The other was under grave suspicion, but we had not exhaustively examined it.

BLAIR H. COCHRANE.—1. Q to R 5th.

E. B. SCHWANN.—Apply to D. Nutt, Strand, W.C.

J. DE H. LARPENT.—1. There is no customary remuneration. 2. It is not approved of. 3. The solution is quite unnecessary.

BERNARD REYNOLDS.—A casual inspection of your problem favourably impresses us, and it is marked for further examination with a view to publication.

G. J. SLATER.—They are very acceptable, and shall have early publicity.

C. E. DR. D. AND OTHERS.—The chess matter goes to press so early that questions requiring a reply one week should reach the office not later than eight days before.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2324 received from W. Von Beverhoudt, and J. W. Shaw (Montreal); of No. 2325 from Charles Etherington, J. G. Hankin, R. Elliott (Wellington), and Joseph T. Pullen (Lancaster); of No. 2326 from Lieutenant-Colonel Lorraine (Newcastle-on-Tyne), J. G. Hankin, W. H. Reed (Liverpool), John G. Grant, T. G. (Ware), W. R. Hamblin, Bernard Reynolds, W. Von Beverhoudt, and Joseph T. Pullen.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2327 received from E. B. Schwann, Juniper Junior, E. Casella (Paris), L. Desanges, E. Phillips, Howard A. J. Ross (Whitley), T. G. (Ware), Cholwell, A. Newman, Martin F. Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), John S. Mouret (Boulogne-sur-Mer), James Sage, C. S. Pakaria, Shadforth, R. Worters (Canterbury), Mrs. Kelly, W. E. Cartwright, J. Gastrin (Reims), Carslake W. Wood (Plymouth), J. W. Waugh, W. R. Hamblin, F. C. Cook (Earley), E. Louden, T. Roberts, J. Corad, D. Mcloy (Galway), Rev. Winfield Cooper, W. Von Beverhoudt, E. Gardner (Gosport), P. G. Tucker (Pontypool), J. B. Tucker (Leeds), E. Field (Surrey), H. R. K. (Brighton), J. Hartley Smith, F. W. Enson (Cardiff), Bernard Reynolds, C. E. P. Rev. Leonard Matson (Bedford), D. T. (Bushley), Peterhouse, C. F. Pardon, R. Elliott, John G. Grant, W. H. Reed (Liverpool), J. J. B. (Hillingbury), J. Hall, W. R. Raillien, Julia Short, W. J. (Victoria), A. W. Hamilton Gell (Exeter), R. F. N. Banks, Dane John, J. Blackie, Dawn, G. Harris, Lieut.-Col. Lorraine, Percy Ewen, H. S. B. (Buckley), R. H. Brooks, Columbus, J. Thomas (Grange-over-Sands), J. Hepworth Shaw, Thomas Chown, E. S. Nisbett, Joseph T. Pullen, J. G. Hankin, Mary Cozens Hardy, Maurice R. Fitzmaurice, A. W. Nesbitt, T. H. Wilson, Hereward, G. J. Veale, J. Dixon (Colchester), E. Lucas, Dr. Law (Sheffield), Blair H. Cochrane, and Bontelier (Bourne End).

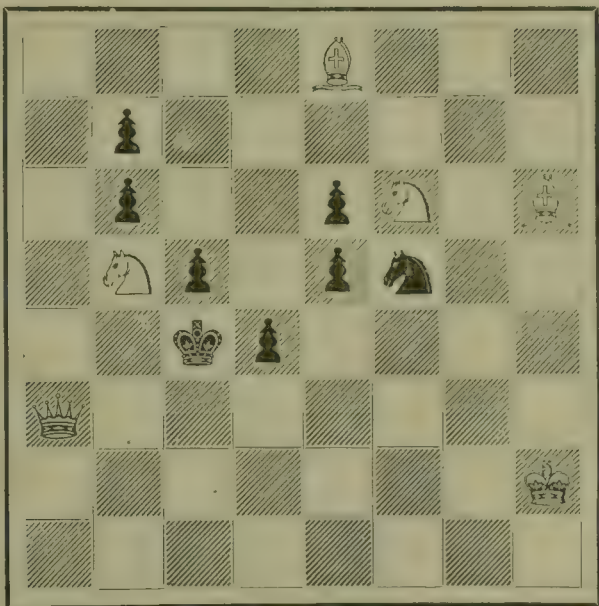
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2325.

- | | |
|----------------------|------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Q to B 6th | K to B 3rd |
| 2. Kt to K 4th (ch) | K to K 4th |
| 3. Q to Q 5th. Mate. | |

If Black play 1. P takes Kt, then 2. Q to Q 5th (ch); if 1. Kt takes Q, then 2. Kt to B 7th (ch); if 1. Kt to Q 2nd, then 2. Q to Q 5th; and if 1. P to K 3rd, then 2. Q takes P (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2329.

By F. HEALEY.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS AT CLIFTON.

The following skirmish was played between Mr. PRIDEAUX and Mr. BOORNE. (Vienna Game.)

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|-----------------------|---|
| WHITE (Mr. P.) | BLACK (Mr. B.) | WHITE (Mr. P.) | BLACK (Mr. B.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 12. Q to B 3rd | |
| 2. Kt to Q B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | | White has now a good attack, and he maintains it to the end. |
| 3. P to B 4th | P takes P | | |
| 4. Kt to B 3rd | P to K Kt 4th | 12. | Q takes R (ch) |
| 5. P to Q 4th | | 13. K to Q 2nd | Q takes R |
| | B to Q B 4th is the usual move. | 14. B takes Q | Kt to Q B 3rd |
| 6. P to Q 5th | P takes Kt | 15. Kt to Kt 5th | Kt to R 3rd |
| 7. B takes P | P takes P | 16. B to Q B 4th | B takes B |
| 8. B takes Kt P | Q Kt to K 2nd | 17. Kt takes B (ch) | K to Q sq |
| | A bad square for the Kt, shutting both Q and B out of play. | 18. Q to B 6th (ch) | K to B 2nd |
| 9. P to Q 6th | P takes P | 19. Kt to Kt 5th (ch) | K to Kt 3rd |
| 10. B takes Q P | P takes Kt 3rd | 20. Q to Q 6th | P to Q R 4th |
| | Another useless move. Kt to Kt 3rd is the natural and correct play. | | Black might still have made some flight by R to Q sq. If, then, Q takes K, P to Q 4th, P takes P, B to K 3rd, &c. |
| 11. K R to B sq | Q takes Kt P | 21. Q takes Kt | P to Q 3rd |
| | | | White mates in three moves. |

CHESS IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

Game played at Ware, between Mr. F. N. BRAUND and another AMATEUR. (Muzio Gambit.)

- | | | | |
|-------------------|---|------------------|--|
| WHITE (Mr. B.) | BLACK (Amateur.) | WHITE (Mr. B.) | BLACK (Amateur.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 22. P to K 5th | |
| 2. P to K B 4th | P takes P | | White's Pawns are more than a match for Black's piece. |
| 3. Kt to K B 3rd | P to K Kt 4th | 22. | Kt to Q sq |
| 4. B to B 4th | P to Kt 5th | 23. R takes R | Kt takes R |
| 5. Castles | P takes Kt | 24. Kt to K 4th | Q Kt to K 3rd |
| 6. Q takes P | Q to B 3rd | 25. P to B 3rd | P to R 3rd |
| 7. P to Q 3rd | | 26. K to B 2nd | Kt to Kt 4th |
| | The Russian attack. | | Very weak; White has it all his own way now. |
| 8. B takes Q P | P to Q 4th | 27. Kt takes Kt | P takes Kt |
| 9. B to Kt 3rd | P to B 3rd | 28. K to B 3rd | Kt to K 3rd |
| | B to K 3rd is the correct move. | 29. K to Kt 4th | K to Q 2nd |
| 10. Kt to B 3rd | B to K 3rd | 30. P to R 4th | P takes P |
| 11. B takes P | B takes Q B | 31. P takes P | K to K 2nd |
| 12. Q takes B | Q takes Q | 32. P to R 5th | P to Kt 3rd |
| 13. R takes Q | Kt to Q 2nd | 33. K to B 5th | Kt to Q sq |
| | B takes B is preferable, followed by Kt to K 2nd, Castles, and Kt to Q 2nd. | 34. P to B 4th | Kt to B 2nd |
| 14. P to Q 4th | B takes B | 35. P to Q 5th | P takes P |
| 15. R P takes B | P to Q R 3rd | 36. P takes P | P to R 4th |
| 16. Q R to K B sq | Castles | 37. P takes P | P takes P |
| | Giving up a P to no purpose. | 38. K to B 4th | Kt to R 3rd |
| 17. R takes P | Kt to R 3rd | 39. K to K 4th | Kt to B 2nd |
| 18. K R to B 4th | Q R to B sq | 40. K to Q 4th | Kt to R 3rd |
| 19. P to Q Kt 4th | R takes R | 41. K to B 4th | Kt to Kt 5th |
| 20. R takes R | R to B sq | 42. P to K 6th | K to Q 3rd |
| 21. P to K Kt 3rd | Kt to B 2nd | 43. K to Kt 5th. | |
| | | | and wins. |

On Saturday, Nov. 17, Mr. Blackburne gave a blindfold performance at the British Chess Club, engaging simultaneously eight of its members. Mr. Blackburne was in good form, and succeeded in winning five games and drawing three.

An extensive show of foreign and British cage-birds has been held at the People's Palace in Mile End-road.

In reply to the request of Lord Knutsford, the Acting-Governor of Queensland, Sir Arthur H. Palmer, has telegraphed an explanation of the grounds of the objection entertained by the Colonial Government to the appointment of Sir H. A. Blake.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Very touching and yet dignified are the words with which the Empress Frederick prefaces the newly-published record of her husband's career, which has been prepared, at her request, by Mr. Rennell Rodd. At the moment of the landing on our shores, probably for a protracted stay, of that Royal daughter of the Queen who, thirty years ago, left England as a bride, there appears this touching record, in which, without one word of complaint for her lot, the widowed lady all unconsciously calls upon the sympathies of her own people:—"Those in humbler walks of life who are denied many of the blessings enjoyed by the rich, to whose lot fall the so-called good things of this world, are often apt to imagine that their burden is the hardest to bear, that struggles, and pains, and tears are only for them. These, perhaps, will think differently when they read. . . . They will be able to enter in some degree into the depths of regret and disappointment felt by a Ruler who loved his people at being unable to carry out the long-cherished plans for their welfare that he had so much at heart. . . . Grief and pain come alike to all; broken hearts are to be found in palaces as well as in cottages, and the bond of brotherhood seems strongest when love and pity unite all hearts." Alas! that in the mysterious arrangements of this world of trial it is precisely that "depth of regret and disappointment" which has befallen the noble writer of these touching words! The Empress refers to her husband, for whom all disappointment and sense of loss are over now. Must we not, in that bond of sisterhood which she claims, feel sorrow for the disappointment of her whose generous ideals and hopes have ever been apparent, and to whom the larger opportunities of the highest station in a realm are closed for ever? Because of her sex, Empress Victoria has doubly missed that power—her younger brother taking her place on one throne, her son on another; and a rare character and high moral and intellectual culture seem to be brought to naught. So in the palace as in the humbler home, opportunities evade a woman's hand; and, from Royal ladies downwards, many of us must feel with Madame De Staël when she uttered that mournful saying—"Of all the faculties born in me, the only one that has been exercised to the full is that of sorrow!"

The time is now here when women ratepayers will be called on to exercise their most important franchise in London and in various other large towns in which School Boards were elected immediately after the passing of the Education Act. The School Boards, whether from the point of view of the functions they discharge or the money they expend, are very important representative bodies, and every woman who has a vote should regard it as a duty to give some attention to returning suitable persons to be members of those Boards. Of course, where there is a lady candidate, the voters of her own sex will give special attention to her qualifications, and vote for her if they find no reason against doing so in her personality or opinions.

It is a curious circumstance that while the *Lady's Pictorial* can always be relied upon to consider justly the wider interests of the sex which it represents, another sixpenny "ladies' paper" appears to think that it commends itself to its readers by frequently assuring them of their stupidity, incompetence, and inconsiderable value. Last week an article in that journal declared that the exercise of the school suffrage by women in America proved that the female voters cared for nothing but theological disputes, and tried to destroy religious liberty. At home, however, we have had sufficient experience of women's voting for School Boards to know the falsity of such a suggestion; for though, when religious questions are uppermost, women as well as men naturally vote in accordance with their individual convictions, there has been no ground whatever for the supposition that the women voters have, as a class, used their power under clerical dictation. This week, that same journal declares that "a very considerable proportion of the women who have been elected on previous Boards have been wordy spouters"—a statement as untrue to fact as it is vulgar in phraseology. The Duke of Argyll mentioned the other day that the late Lord Lawrence told him that one of the good points of the ladies on the Board over which he presided was that "they did not talk as much as the men"; and, as a fact, it so happens that the irrepressible and incessant talkers of that Board have throughout been of what is supposed to be the more taciturn sex! A reference to the fairly full reports of the Board meetings which appear week by week in the *School Board Chronicle* would indubitably prove this fact to demonstration; but, of course, I speak from personal knowledge. A record was once kept of the speaking of perhaps the most verbose member of the Board at a committee, and it was found that he joined in the debates four times as often as all the four ladies present put together—a sixteen-woman power of speech! At the same time, nearly all the ladies who have been members have been capable of speaking very well, and, when occasion demanded, of producing great effect by their speeches, which, of course, is a very desirable power, inasmuch as members meet in the board and in the committees in order to discuss questions and so influence each other's votes.

Now is the time when nimble fingers may be set to work to make dainty little gifts for Christmas and New-Year's offerings. The dolls' dresses described in this column last week would afford hints to mammas and aunts for novelties for the little ones. The modern tendency to scatter decorative trifles about our rooms affords opportunity for gifts to housewives, while little nick-nacks for personal use can be made for gentlemen. For instance, either a cushion for the study easy-chair, a boot cupboard for the dressing-room, made of plain deal enamelled and then painted, a hanging case to hold the shaving materials, or an embroidered loose cover for a book would be a nice gift for a young lady to present as the work of her own hands to her husband or father.

A very comfortable cushion for a weary head to rest upon while the evening paper or an interesting book beguiles the busy brain from thoughts of the day's work, is shaped like a melon. It is made by cutting out half-a-dozen pieces of silk, satin, or cretonne into a long oval shape, and running them together with a piping of some contrasting colour or a flat piece of ribbon covering the join between each section; at the end the pieces narrow enough to all meet and join, beneath a large full "cabbage" bow of ribbon or cord matching the trimming. The stuffing can be feathers, "mill-puff" (bought at the upholsterer's), or paper torn up very small. Such head-cushions should not be too fully stuffed; it is a good plan to try them under your own head, and fill as much as is comfortable. (By-the-way, if the intended user pomades his hair, a loose pinafore-cover of artistic muslin that will wash is advisable.) The hanging case for shaving materials is a single shelf about a foot long, procured from the carpenter, and neatly covered in plush, with a strip of plush strengthened by American leather forming a back to nail on the wall. A loose plush pocket at either end hangs down from the shelf, one end taking brush and comb, the other a folding mirror; while the soap-dish and razor-case incidental to the interesting toilet operation in view stand on the shelf.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



SKETCHES IN MOROCCO: MARCH OF THE SULTAN'S ARMY THROUGH THE PASS OF THE MLOUÏA.



"HIS FIRST VISIT TO THE FLOCK."

PICTURE BY S. J. CARTER, IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL-COLOURS.

RAMSGATE AND THE ISLE OF THANET AS A WINTER RESORT.

For the last two or three years I have been going to write this article; but I have put it off, from time to time, in order to be quite certain that I was not yielding to a sudden impulse, the result of which might be to mislead those whom I particularly hoped to benefit. I had long considered Ramsgate as one of the finest winter seaside resorts, for a certain class of persons, to be found within a measurable distance of London. It is not everyone who can afford to spend their time and money in wintering abroad; yet there are many "whom Providence has not blessed with affluence" (as an old form of advertisement used to put it), but for whose happiness—that is, for whose health (which is very nearly the same thing)—the purest air is essential; while for their business, which must be attended to "first," in order that they may take their pleasure "afterwards," proximity to, or residence in, London for the greater part of the week is absolutely necessary. For those who like to take London with them wherever they go, there is Brighton always handy; but neither Brighton air nor Brighton life agrees with everybody, though for a number of busy people the advantages it has to offer are considerable.

Residence at Brighton means a repetition of town life, more or less, only with better air to enable you to continue the round of gaiety and festivity. *Chacun à son goût*, and this, according to the schoolboy's translation with which we are all familiar, reminds me that even for a certain variety of gouty persons Ramsgate is an excellent place in the winter.

Some folk like to talk about "going out of England for the winter." These can be accommodated at Ramsgate, which, being in the Isle of Thanet, may be spoken of as not in England any more than are the Isle of Wight, the Isle of Man, or the Scilly Islands. And it has one great advantage over these islands, that you can get to it from London without any chance of an unpleasant sea-passage. The River Stour kindly makes Ramsgate an island, and the new Local Government Bill has given Thanet as much Home Rule as it wants for the present, though the people of Ramsgate are still a down-trodden and oppressed race, who only wait their opportunity to rebel against the tyranny of sleepy old Sandwich and throw off the yoke of the Sandwich-men for ever. Not a license can be granted, scarcely a wrong can be remedied, little, in fact, can be effected for the benefit of Ramsgate, without the express sanction of Sandwich! And what is Sandwich?—a dear old Anglo-Dutch place, quiet as an oyster in its bed, where two men in a street make a crowd, and where ancient mansions with ancient gardens and old fruit-trees can be obtained for that very equivocal price known as "an old song." Anyone who "cannot sing the old song" will not find himself welcomed as a purchaser at Sandwich. But it is a Cinque Port, it is a curiosity, its Townhall is remarkable for its genuine Elizabethan decorations, and among the many attractions which the Isle of Thanet has to offer to its visitors is the novelty of one of the best golf-grounds in England, which is to be found on the three or four miles' stretch of sandy flats between Sandwich and Deal. Already golf is bringing enthusiastic players from all quarters to wake up Sleepy Sandwich.

Real Ramsgate weather—which means a glorious morning with a west wind or a south-west, or even a mild east wind with a little north in it—from which shelter is easily attainable—or a south wind with a delicate touch of east, just to remind us that we are only mortal, commences in September, and, with an interval of uncertainty about February and March, lasts right up to the middle of May; and of all the months, October, November, December, January, and April, are the best.

Rain is not frequent at Ramsgate: this corner of Thanet escapes it, to a great extent. When it does rain, it makes up for former parsimony, and comes down handsomely. Directly the rain is over the promenades are dry, and, if still "spitting," you can put on any old waterproof and walk dry shod on East or West Cliff. The air is so pure that, in the rain, you will get your "whet" for your appetite before dinner. Now and again there is a very heavy fall of snow, when the aspect of the piers and harbour is most picturesque, and the air is crisp and bracing. In the town the snow-clearers are at work within an hour of the cessation of the snowfall, and the traffic in the streets is never inconveniently impeded. The drainage is most satisfactory, water is abundant, and its quality excellent.

Every day in "typical Ramsgate weather" the residents might join in the opening chorus of "Masaniello":—"Behold! Behold! how brightly breaks the morning!" with perfect truth. So they can at Westgate, only they'll have to dance and clap their hands as well. On these mornings, the colour of the sea is as bright a blue as that of the Mediterranean, and the rippling waves glitter in the golden sunlight. I have frequently been disappointed with the colour of the Mediterranean; but, not expecting so much from the Channel, I have never been disappointed with the sea at Ramsgate. And then, what variety! What changes in the scene are effected by the cloud-shifters! For the invalid there are the promenades of the West and East Cliff, the Marina, the East and West Pier, and round about the harbour, always amusing, with its shipping in the outer and inner basin, the different yachts, the foreign fishing-boats, the picturesque costumes of sailors of many nationalities; on the quay there is the bustling life of a seaport town in miniature, and the view of Ramsgate from the end of either pier is of a quaint irregularly built town, which for the most part has preferred to remain old-fashioned and comfortable, and has very little to show on its sea-front, at all events, of the work of the cheap and vulgar villa builder. There are plenty of comfortable old-fashioned hostels, which like to call themselves hotels, but are "inns;" and on the East Cliff is the now well-known Granville Hotel, "all of the modern type," with every luxury and comfort, its billiard-rooms, reading-rooms, lawn-tennis courts, and baths of every description. Excellent residences, too, with and without stabling, which, as Ramsgate, thank Heaven! is never likely to become fashionable, can be obtained for the winter months at very reasonable prices. It is a bit of a sporting place, is Ramsgate, and provides its due contingent to the Thanet Harriers, a well-hunted pack that gives the youthful sportsman plenty of amusement, and provides for the middle-aged heavy-weight a good excuse for pounding about over the fields, and getting a good two hours and a half gallop in the morning between early breakfast and lunch-time. And what a country to ride over, when, late in October and through November and December, so many of the fields are bare and, by the kind permission of the farmers, you can ride more or less straight for two or three miles, and this without blowing your horse up-hill or bringing him on his nose down-hill, and where there is no more formidable obstruction than an occasional sheep-hurdle, which you needn't take unless you like, as there is generally a longer and a safer route—you have to beware of "roots"—which skirts the hurdles and still keeps you within touch of the hounds. For health few things are better than a gallop with Ambrose Collard and the Thanet Harriers between eleven and two on a fine winter morning in typical Ramsgate weather.

The harriers offer the resident or the visitor a grand chance of seeing the island. Among their meets are Sea Mark, Sarre, and Birchington, which is next door to Westgate;

yet, oddly enough, the name of Westgate is not on any sign-post that I've ever come across, and they are well off for sign-posts in the island. Why ignore Westgate? Is it that Westgate is just a bit too modern and fashionable for Thanet, and Thanet hasn't quite accustomed itself to the novelty? At all events, the name of Westgate is not written up on any indicating arm, but, instead, you will read "Garlinge," which is the name of the old village hidden away behind Westgate, of which the latter is only in reality a department; and the traveller unacquainted with the locality may despairingly relinquish his search for Westgate, under the impression that it may have disappeared into the sea. The harriers meet at Acol, Hengrove, Minster, Cliff's End and Manston, the two last-mentioned places being within easy walking distance of Ramsgate. Sometimes they go so far afield as what is called the Herne country, which is towards Herne Bay. Here, of course, the visitor may expect to meet Herne the Hunter, but I have never heard of his being out with the pack.

The pedestrian can have a good time, and the cyclist a famous turn of it, as there are few better roads for wheels than those which take you around by Sarre and Canterbury and back by Wingham and the picturesque little villages through which you can pass between Sarre and Ash, after crossing the River Stour at Grove Ferry, and, after Ash, to Sandwich, and so along the Sandwich flats back to Ramsgate. And all so interesting! Whether you are anxious to discover the exact spot where Julius Cæsar waded in the sea like an early shrimp, or where a Roman contingent put in at Whitstable and astonished the natives, or if you wish to dispute with the Pegwellians as to whether the handsome cross they have erected in a field belonging to Lord Granville actually marks the exact place where St. Augustine—having recovered from his voyage and safely landed with his missionary clergy from Rome—advanced to meet the heathen Saxon King and his Christian Queen; or if, as an archaeologist, you are interested in Richborough Castle, in the old Roman camp, or in the old churches—and those of Ash and Minster are, I believe, among the oldest in England—or whether you be a geologist, or naturalist, you will find plenty to occupy your attention in the course of any walk in and about the Isle of Thanet. There is, perhaps, a dearth of trees in the island, but you enjoy them more when you do see them for this very reason; and yet at Quex, at Cleeve Court, at West Cliff (Mr. Warre's property), Manston, and notably at Minster, where the lanes are shady avenues under big trees, at Stone, at East Cliff (the late Sir Moses Montefiore's, now in the possession of Mr. Montefiore Sebag), at Cliff's End (now taken by Dr. Cottle, I believe, who has prescribed this for himself), and many other places, there is a large variety of very fine trees, and when out riding you will come on clumps of firs in most unlikely places; while for fruit and vegetables, both in quality and quantity, few places are better supplied than Ramsgate. Apropos of Pegwell, let no one boast of a knowledge of shrimps until he has had them fresh, and freshly potted, from Pegwell. Then, as to excursions, "the rover is free" to choose; and the union of the London, Chatham, and Dover and South-Eastern systems on the west affords plenty of opportunities for exploring Deal, Sandwich, and St. Margaret's Bay, en route to Dover. The line, after leaving St. Lawrence, runs through this *pays Hollandais* between Minster and Sandwich, quite a Dutch picture of meadow, plain, sea, wind-mills, with the onion-crowned tower of a Sandwich church in the distance. Then after Deal the scenery changes, gradually undulating and here and there wooded, finishing with a triumphal curve of the railway-line which skirts Dover and affords a picturesque view of the town, castle, and sea. From Dover to Shorncliffe the railway passes under Shakespeare's Cliff—here take breath, and get a little inspiration from the *genius loci*—and along by the seashore for the greater part of the way, a delightful run. From Shorncliffe to Hythe is about twenty minutes' drive, and Hythe well repays a visit. By one train in the day, *aller et retour*, you can go to Shorncliffe and back, from Ramsgate, without changing carriages, and this allows you four hours at Shorncliffe, which will include the above-mentioned visit to Hythe. "If I were not Alexander I would be Diogenes." If I were not at Ramsgate I should choose Hythe. Of course, even Ramsgate is not Paradise for everyone. Consult your physician—several of them, if you like—only, if you do so, out of a spirit of fairness, include Dr. Hicks, the *doyen*, I believe, of the Ramsgate doctors—the "Dean of the Faculty"—and don't forget the eminent practitioner whose sensible article in the *Fortnightly*, on "The wear and tear of London life," attracted considerable attention, and who, I rather fancy, will have a few words to say in favour of Ramsgate, in certain cases, as a winter resort. Much may be said on behalf of Westgate, Birchington, and Margate, and generally of the Isle of Thanet, at various seasons. Mr. Norman Lockyer informs me that, away from "The Rockies," there is no such clear atmosphere at night as at Westgate, where he has built his observatory. He tells me also that during the most severe winter, the temperature at Westgate was always sixteen degrees above that of London. Westgate faces the north; therefore, as he himself put it to me, Ramsgate must be still warmer. Ramsgate suits some; Margate others; Westgate another set; and Broadstairs, betwixt and between, suits a lot of people in what is called "the season." Those who are unable to visit the seacoast of Thanet in the winter will do so in the summer, when Westgate is the aristocratic resort, being entirely free from cheap "trippers." If I were a moderately-endowed Cæsar, I would rather possess an estate at Ramsgate on the West Cliff, with wood, lawn, garden, and a beautiful view of the sea (the exact spot was picked out years ago by Welby Pugin, and is still vacant—O the lucky chance!) than be fixed to any other part of England; and, failing this, I would be somewhere in the island—say, in the neighbourhood of Quex, which sounds rather like Central Africa—thorough country, with plenty of fine old timber, open fields, winter galloping to your heart's content, and within an easy walk, or easier drive, of Westgate Station and of most of the principal places in the island.

How about sea-fogs? Well, our sea-fogs are better than any other sea-fogs, and at Ramsgate, I'll answer for it, there's no coal smoke in them. Sometimes the sea-fogs confine themselves to the sea and draw the line, very clearly defined, at the coast. At other times, sea-fog comes ashore. Then beware! Light the fires, close the windows, and prepare to receive sea-fog, *voilà l'ennemi*! Yet he is generally an early visitor, and will have come and gone before you are up even for an early breakfast; and the late breakfaster, at half-past nine or ten, will hardly know that the sea-fog has been there, unless he walks out on to the lawn. Be ready to meet sea-fog, respect your enemy, don't underestimate him, and you will conquer.

As a rule, after an early morning sea-fog in October, which will occur when there has not been any rain for some time, the sun comes out, illumines the scene, the "gauzes" are cleared off, and, after the mysterious prologue, the beautiful day drama begins, and probably the second act, about midday, will be a scorcher. Venetian blinds down, windows open, sunshades necessary, exercise delightful; the flies, suddenly revived, as buzzy as ever, insects humming and all alive O!

until just on four o'clock, when, as the sun goes to bed, so you must take the hint and retire to your fireside, to read, write, study, and with a little after-dinner sociability, spend some of the pleasantest evenings of the whole year. Dense white mists in the island are rare, but twice within ten years I have lost my way in one, four miles away from Ramsgate.

Ramsgate does not offer you a town-life, but rest and refreshment. There is no fashionable parade; you can dress as you like and do as you like; it is a country life and a seaside life, and those who are fortunate enough to possess a house with a garden such as the unique Gothic "Grange," built and laid out by the celebrated Welby Pugin, to whose master hand is also due the adjacent Catholic Church of St. Augustine, a perfect model of pure Gothic, or West Cliff Lodge, the residence of Captain Hammond, are, to my mind, especially if their work as well as their pleasure keeps them at Ramsgate, of all mortals most enviable.

Birchington-on-Sea, to judge by its name, ought to be entirely devoted to schools; but it isn't, it is all Bungalows. Westgate is chiefly a summer resort—a charming place, a fashionable place, but in winter somewhat bleak, for it faces north, as also does Margate. But Ramsgate faces south, and there are parts fronting the sea, sheltered from the north, and partially from the east wind (I speak from personal experience), which, in certain cases, and uncertain ones, too, are, during the winter months, an excellent substitute for the Riviera or St. Moritz. And to some persons, to be sent to St. Moritz, or any other winter resort abroad, would be simply banishment, as "home-sickness" would neutralise the effect of the driest and purest air and most equable climate. I have no interest in cracking up Ramsgate: on the contrary, there is nothing to be gained by overcrediting, but I like to write in praise of a place which has done me and mine so much good; and then, I feel perfectly sure that, unless Ramsgate totally changes its character in every way, it never can become a merely fashionable seaside lounge.

It is seventy-five miles from town, so it can't be reached in an hour; but it can be reached in exactly two hours by the "Granville Express," on the London, Chatham, and Dover line, which has the advantage over the South-Eastern in running to Ramsgate as its terminus (the South Eastern only looking in and turning back again to go on to Margate,—poor taste, in my humble opinion) and also in having its station right on the sands, so that the jaded visitor from London can be refreshed immediately on his arrival with a full view of the sea, instead of being landed at the back of the town, unable to tell what the place is like until he has gone right through the main thoroughfare to get at what he longs for—"The sea, the sea, the open sea!" The business man whose family is residing here can get down in two hours on Saturday afternoon all the year round, and if he doesn't mind rising early on Monday morning—should stern necessity require his presence in London—he can leave at eight o'clock a.m. by the L. C. & D. line, and be in his office by half-past ten. If he can take from Saturday till Tuesday, or better, from Friday till Tuesday, he will have two days for riding or walking, and on every other Monday, from October to February, there is a meet of the Thanet Harriers, which will shake him up, and give him health and strength to bear the fog and fuss of London life. In the summer there is a capital Sunday morning train at half-past ten, which, after setting down at Herne Bay, Westgate, Margate, and Broadstairs, arrives at half-past twelve, and in the winter the eleven a.m. "boat express" from Victoria drops passengers for Ramsgate at Faversham, where there is a train in waiting that picks them up and lands them in Ramsgate at one sharp—sharp as one's appetite for lunch—and you've all the afternoon before you, which, in winter, means a good walk from two till four, and inhaling pure air all day and night too. The nights are usually lovely, and often comparatively warm. There are excellent schools, Church of England and Dissenting, Roman Catholic College for Boys and Convent School for Girls, which information will be of use to families contemplating residence and to those who want an excuse to run down and see their boys and girls at school; and from what I see of them all out walking, I should say the pupils are the very embodiment of health. I must add that there are first-rate boys' schools at Margate.

Of course, those in feeble health must be careful how they parcel out their day, for the duration of the sun-warmth in winter is limited to the time between eleven and three; and after three, unless in very exceptional weather, it is better to remain indoors. When patients go to a foreign watering-place they take with them an introduction to a doctor who knows the climate and who will prescribe certain treatment. London physicians are just beginning to find out Ramsgate as a winter resort. It is the old story of Naaman the Syrian. The waters of far, far away are to work miracles; but what is well within reach is a "well" to be let alone, and, being within reasonable means, it is despised. "If the Prophet had told thee to do some great thing"—Yes, the old story. But when he says, "Iry Ramsgate; only be circumspect and take advice from those who know the place thoroughly," then the patient, who looks forward to the excitements of change of living, of language, and society, foresees only dullness at so old-fashioned a place as Ramsgate, with which, it may be, he is totally unacquainted, confounding it with the August season of cheap-trippers, donkey-boys, and the humours of Frith's picture "On the Sands," turns up his nose at the idea, and makes for the Riviera, where he catches a chill, or for St. Moritz, in reaching which place he takes cold on the road, and afterwards regrets most heartily that he did not for once and ever give up foreign cooking, excitement, and novelty for wholesome living, quiet, good air, exercise, and the golden rule of early to bed and fairly early (according to health and strength) to rise, and so get double the benefit for half the money, at this old-fashioned, homely wintering place called Ramsgate. By-the-way, there is a good club and plenty of "Society," especially County society, for residents or visitors who cannot live without that sort of thing. But for those who have had enough of "Society" in London and elsewhere, a good library like Fuller's, a club which provides all the papers and where there is a quiet game of whist or billiards every afternoon and evening, are distractions quite sufficient to make life pass pleasantly enough, even for those whose forced visits to London are angelic—i.e., few and far between. Think, too, how much reading may be done down here during the winter! How valuable is the daylight to an artist! As regards visits to London, to go there and back with six hours for business in town is easy enough; but what Ramsgate is not provided with is a train at half-past four, to land one in London at half-past six, in time for dressing and dinner. The absence of this may, from one point of view, be a blessing; but, as a great convenience, it would be a boon to those who have not absolutely forsworn London life. So much for bachelors and family men; the ladies will soon discover amusement. I have incidentally mentioned Ash as being well worth a visit. Before going there read J. R. Planché's "A Corner of Kent," which pretty well exhausts the subject. To those who, like myself, have to be up in London half the week for work, three days out of the seven at Ramsgate are simply the elixir vitae. Eureka! "Is life worth living in the winter in England?" "Yes," I reply, "at Ramsgate."

F. C. BURNAND.

RAMSGATE
THE
ISLE OF THANET
WINTER RESORT



Pyram
DAY



A THISTLE
CARTON

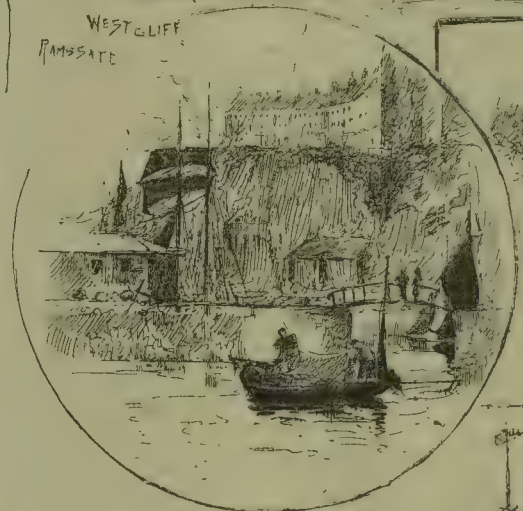


MUSIC
BETWEEN
THE SHOWERS

WEST CLIFF
RAMSGATE



IN THE
EARLY MORNING



THE HENRIETTA STREET
TO
SANDWICH



THE
CHURCH
OF
SANDWICH



THE
TOWER



MINSTER
CHURCH

SANDWICH



THE
RECUVERT

A THANET FARMYARD



A BIT IN
SANDWICH

H.C. Sappington Wright

CHARTERED

A PALATIAL OFFICE.

NEW BUILDINGS OF MESSRS. A. AND F. PEARS,
IN NEW OXFORD-STREET.

Having passed through many phases of publicity, largely assisted by pictorial art, the limitless enterprise of Messrs. A. and F. Pears—which entered a perpetually extending renaissance when a fresh access of energy was directed, some years ago, to the enlargement of the Isleworth factory—has now reached the highest grade of artistic advertising in one of the grandest architectural works that signalled in London the Jubilee Year of Queen Victoria. In the completion of the sumptuous premises which now add a welcome adornment to New Oxford-street, the proprietors of Pears' soap may also be said to anticipate the centenary of their own useful and, in a commensurate degree, successful establishment, which dates, as we are reminded by an inscription on the facade of the new edifice, from 1789. The colossal proportions of this modern manufactural enterprise have been attained, no doubt, by a persistent course of advertising, in which art to be an adept a man requires genius; and that the tact shown in the conduct of this immense business, being as energetic as it is refined, is capable of taking infinite pains, and is therefore, according to the best definition of the word that ever was given, *genius* in its most practical manifestation, no one who has observed the system of publicity pursued in advertising Pears' soap will venture to deny. That excellence of some kind is primarily requisite in the thing to be successfully advertised, all experience has shown to be an incontrovertible proposition. Before any system of advertising was adopted, Pears' soap had, by pre-eminence of detergent and cosmetic qualities, gained an extensive notoriety for itself; and its earliest advertisements, properly so-called, were unsought and gratuitous. Physicians versed in the pathology of cutaneous disorders, among the first of these voluntary witnesses being Erasmus Wilson, tendered such evidence as would have almost sufficiently advertised as well as certified the medical virtues of Pears' soap for all time. This, indeed, would have ensured a wide celebrity among heads of families, officers of hospitals, and the whole medical profession. Moreover, it is now near upon half a century since one of the genial authors of the "Bon Gaultier Ballads" hit upon the humorous fancy of ascribing, in one of the prettiest and wittiest of those emanations of delicate fun, the softness of Helen's rounded arms of snow to Pears' transparent soap, a secret casket filled with the fragrant tablets being discovered by the searching eyes of Paris in the bower of the faithless fair, who accounts for her possession of the treasure by declaring it to have been a gift from Venus. Poetical liveliness and a sportive fancy having thus aided the advancement which the real merit of this dainty merchandise had so far made for itself, it remained for the art of the painter, encouraged by the acumen of the connoisseur, to do the rest, with such help as capital, enterprise, and mechanical skill can afford. And this, let the sneerers say, if they will, is advertising. Art is advertising, Messrs. Pears will doubtless allow; for it would be vain to deny that Signor Foccardi's comical piece of pictorial sculpture, "You Dirty Boy," one of the gems of the Paris Exhibition of 1878, is an advertisement. Truly it is one of an illustrious processional galaxy, wherein Sir John Millais' lovely child-picture, "Bubbles," holds a bright, conspicuous place. Acquired at a princely price, this last-named masterpiece has lately been reproduced by the agency of consummate skill in colour-printing, and the result splendidly justifies the lead taken by Messrs. Pears in artistic advertising, which many have followed, though none have succeeded in passing or even in catching them up. So, then, it may and will be said that the palatial building in New Oxford-street is an advertisement—the most magnificent within the scope of legitimacy—but an advertisement nevertheless, in spirit and effect.

The new edifice has been raised under the superintendence and in accordance with the design of Mr. William B. Catherwood, 87, Gower-street, the architect to Messrs. A. and F. Pears, the builders being Messrs. Holland and Hannen, of Duke-street, Bloomsbury. The front presents a noble elevation of Italian character, in which the main structural materials strike the view with a pleasing effect of well-harmonised solidity. They are, in fact, Portland stone and small Dutch red bricks, beautifully laid in five courses to

the foot. Each of the massive lower stone piers is based on grey Aberdeen granite. The tint is varied where Aberdeen granite is elsewhere employed. For instance, the pillars of the portico, a finely carried feature of the building, are pink, as are some of the supports and details in the superstructure. This blending of hues throughout aids the fulfilment of a manifestly dignified intention. So much for the exterior of the new building, which being at once an office, a warehouse, and a trophy, is equally utilitarian and ornamental, as being designed to please both the eye of business and the eye of taste, not disdaining even the policy of spectacular additions *ad captandum vulgus*; but so dainty, so refined, and so original, that the *vulgus* may feel flattered at being captured with so delicate a skill. We may now pass in at the portico, observing first that this handsome entrance is a walnut lobby with double doors folding back on either side, decorated with carved panels of bronze and ebony. In front

street is known as the Street of Tombs. Messrs. Pears' idea of decorating the vestibule, which is a remarkable feature of these new premises, is the appropriate distribution of antique statuary, mingled with such modern works of sculpture as follow in expression the forms or mythic ideas of antiquity. That the hall should in a manner symbolise the happy union of soap and water was a contingency to be looked for as a thing of course. Hence it occurs that the salient object on which Mr. C. E. Birch has exercised great consideration and elaborate skill of inventive design is a sunken bath placed with reference to the Pompeian character of the atrium—that is to say, so little removed from the centre as to come within the site where the impluvium would be if, instead of being a covered chamber, the hall or vestibule were the interior court of a dwelling in the buried city, where Roman luxury invoked the arts of Greece and other lands. In such case, the sunken bath or tank, instead of being covered by a ceiling,

would be open to catch the rain-water from the compluvium above, as illustrated in the Pompeian Court at the Crystal Palace. This sunken bath is so effectively floored with a lustrous aqua-tinted mosaic, by Messrs. Rust and Co., of 290, Wandsworth-road, in accordance with the design, and under the direction of Mr. Birch, that it communicates the desired tinge of pure, translucent blue to the water with which this ornamental bath or fountain is supplied, and in which, in true antique fashion, gold-fish disport themselves. Hallowed in the marble wall at the head of this bath is the hemicycle, a coved niche, likewise lined with mosaic, and occupied with a marble replica of Thorwaldsen's Venus, holding the apple awarded her by King Priam's shepherd-son. To a fanciful view, the small sphere poised in the tapering fingers of the goddess might be a ball of Pears' soap. Another type of Venus, the Medicean, stands opposite the hemicycle or rather on one side a door which immediately faces that exquisite restoration of ancient grandeur, and corresponds in form and character therewith, as likewise with three other doors, making, with the hemicycle, a symmetrical four-sided arrangement, east, west, north, and south.

The restoration of the hemicycle very faithfully and usefully illustrates, in the precision of its elegance, down to the minutest details, the changed conditions of the Greek architecture when subordinated to the luxurious requirements of Imperial Rome. Metal-work of a rich and elaborate character largely assists in the decoration of the vestibule, the ceiling and walls of which are adapted from the house of Lucretius and other houses. The bronzes chiefly noticeable are the standards supporting incandescent lights, the hanging boats likewise bearing lucernæ which, though copied from the ancient lamps fed with oil, are lit by electricity, in obedience to the exacting demands of a scientific civilisation. These and the bronze ornaments of the doors, as also the marble-topped open-work pedestals which, serving in addition, as warmers, form the bases of tripod standards or candlesticks for electric lighting, are taken from objects that, having been dug up from sites of ancient buildings, are deposited in the public museums of London and Naples. They have been executed to the design of Mr. Birch, by Mr. W. Shrivell,

of Castle-street, Endell-street, who has also furnished the wrought-iron balconies, window-grills, bronze fanlight grill, and column-caps, and bases in the front elevation. The pavement is partly of figured marble, and partly of mosaic, the patterns being those usually remarked in that class of mosaic work termed by the Romans "*opus musivum*," being composed of small cubes of coloured glass or enamel, the same as noticeable in the floor of the bath. This beautiful method of mosaic-paving was, anciently, distinguished by name from the "*opus lithostrotum*," or ordinary pavement of a Roman causeway.

From its surroundings and peculiar contour, the hemicycle runs some risk of being designated a temple, though this it certainly is not, but rather a sheltered seat, which, in its original situation, though here adapted as a niche for the accommodation of a statue, would have been an alcove bench by the wayside, much frequented by lovers. Beyond the bath, which is a little towards the right as we enter, springs a staircase of the beautiful Fiore di Pesca marble, of which material, now very rare, the pedestals to the columns and pilasters of Grande Antique Cipollino, which are exceedingly handsome, are also made. The marble used for the carved face of the hemicycle, for the balustrading of the staircase, and for the



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of these doors, which when not put to their use of closing the portal, fold on the exquisitely neat brickwork—as close and fine as if it were of the Holbein period, and reminding one of the famous specimens at Hampton Court—are wrought-iron gates of dwarf height, as serving to guard the doors when thrown back for a clear passage. Above the low gates, and matching them in the praiseworthy workmanship which endows with artistic validity all the adornments of the building, is a wrought-iron grill or ornamental grating; and this method of filling an open space is used for each unglazed light, flanked by red granite pillars with grey bases on either side the portico. We have now entered a sumptuous atrium, that wants but a sprinkling of rose-leaves to suggest a picture of Roman magnificence worthy the eye and hand of an Alma Tadema. This hall or vestibule, Pompeian in general character, though of necessity modified to meet the practical requirements of its modern purpose, is the work of Mr. C. E. Birch, painter, of 19, Bloomsbury-street, who has successfully sought models of classic authority for all his bronzes, marbles, mosaics, and other accessories; and has, moreover, applied to the realisation of a subsidiary structure, effectively worked into his design, the prevalent form and features of a hemicycle which is in a suburb of Herculaneum, just outside the city, and in a street leading thereto. The

doorways, three in number, is Italian onyx, which has an ivory-tinted ground, and pink veins deepening to purple. All the marble-work in the vestibule is carved to the drawings of Mr. Birch, by Mr. James Houghton, of Great Portland-street.

An inspection of the vestibule thus elaborately designed and fitted will be but preliminary to an examination of the entire building, adapted to the many requirements of a vast place of business. Having ascended the lower flight of marble steps, the visitor proceeds up the staircase leading to the first floor, on which are situate the counting-house and rooms adjoining. But, while yet below stairs, we shall have observed that a ware-room at the back of the vestibule is partitioned from it by a screen of glazed mahogany. The counting-house, or office, on the first-floor, of large capacity, resembles that of a bank or insurance office, and is arranged for the accommodation of forty-two clerks, besides the heads of departments, who have their desks in open compartments in the several angles of the room. The employment of typewriters, mechanically perfect, supersedes in great measure the use of "Gillott and Goosequill," manual calligraphy being reserved for signatures alone. A system of intercommunication is here organised which employs various modern resources. Each chief, that is to say, can draw the attention of another by touching one of the ivory buttons ranged beside him. Having thus placed himself in communication with whomsoever he desires to confer, he has but to select the proper speaking-tube from a row at his right hand. From the counting-house, and from the lobby by which it is approached, admission is found to the handsome suite of rooms occupied by a member of the firm, who by an elaboration of the same appliances as

those provided to his office-staff, can, without quitting his chair, place himself in communication with any of their number. His sanctum sanctorum lies beyond a waiting-room, in which latter the visitor may have leisure to admire several original works of art, composing a gallery familiarised to the public by reproductions employed in mural advertising. Examples of these are arrayed in the advertising department, which lies beyond the counting-house at the rear. The several apartments in communication with the large office on the first floor, but of a more private character, have the aspect of rooms in a modern mansion, combining the most recent and most ingenious devices for the insurance of comfort and the economy of time, with the chaste elegance of decoration indicative of the pure domestic architecture introduced by the brothers Robert and James Adam, whose noble efforts helped so prominently in dragging the art of the eighteenth century out of the mire. Though these brothers—whose relationship gave significance to the name of their fine work, the terrace overlooking the Thames, called the Adelphi—preceded by more than half a century the revival which we see in its advanced development on the ground floor of Messrs. Pears' new building, that is to say in the marble entrance hall, it may be urged that both the styles which really met in the accommodation of Greek and Roman architecture were in the ornamental design of modern periods combined by the Flaxman and Wedgwood school with the classicism of the Brothers Adam. There is consequently no anomaly in the blending of domestic decoration, such as we find in the upper rooms at Messrs. Pears', with the severely learned antiquity exemplified with so splendid and accurate a reference to Roman pomp in the vestibule. On

our way up to the first floor, opportunity will be found of observing that the Pompeian decoration of the vestibule is continued in the painting of the walls. Once reached, the office or counting-house affords much to admire in the perfection of its electrical and other appointments, which, as regards the communications between heads of departments, are the work of Mr. Julius Sax, 108, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury. The arrangement of the upper floors affords convincing evidence that the personal comfort of everyone employed on the establishment has been carefully considered. The installation of the electric light upon the Thomson-Houston and incandescent systems throughout the premises is by Messrs. Laing, Wharton, and Down, of New Bond-street; and the hydrants throughout the building are by Messrs. Merryweather and Sons, Long-acre. These offices may well be designated one of the great sights of London as well as one of its adornments.

All have, in truth, brought their highest faculties of knowledge, tact, and skill to bear with united energy and unremitting patience on the design and completion of this truly palatial structure—a monument of commercial enterprise unrivalled in any part of the world. An architectural staff and an army corps of artificers have followed the commands of a competent general, whose triumph they are well entitled to share. The magnificent building we now see, in the place of a capacious but plain structure which was appropriated to the business of co-operative stores, is the sun or centre of a system apparently planned with a view to demonstrate the policy of advertising without stint or bound, in all cases where the merit of the thing to be advertised is transcendent of its kind. Of what use to the world, it may be asked, would be the greatest boons



MESSRS. PEARS' BUSINESS OFFICES, NEW OXFORD-STREET: THE ENTRANCE HALL.

ever extended to its universal, everyday services if to the world they should remain unknown? It has been said, and truly said, that the excellence of Pears' soap, its salubrity, its pure and beneficial cosmetic qualities were perceived by a discerning minority in the early days of its manufacture. Of this there can be no doubt; but if to the majority—to the world at large—the thing was comparatively unknown, all its acknowledged superiority, certified and emphasised by the few, availed it little. To the multiplicity of "men and cities" far exceeding the number of those known to Ulysses—to the capitals of friendly countries and of rising colonies in every quarter of the globe—the value of this often imitated but nevertheless inimitable product required to be made fully known. Had not this been done, had not the worth of Pears' soap been extensively and continually proclaimed, there might never have been justification for any such edifice as that which has arisen to beautify one of the leading thoroughfares in the Metropolis of the world. To Messrs. A. and F. Pears the credit of having elevated advertising to a high level of pictorial art has long been due. To this they will now have added the crowning honour of having raised it to a foremost rank of architecture.

ART NOTES.

The Dudley Gallery Art Society, which holds its exhibitions at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, does not make that rapid advance in favour amongst artists which one might have anticipated. Mr. Walter Severn is a capable President, and the Council includes a certain number of good men and true, who may be trusted to act fairly towards exhibitors. Under these circumstances, the wonder is that the average of the paintings exhibited is not higher. Mr. Carlile Macartney sends half-a-dozen landscapes and views, in which his sympathy with sea and sky is to be seen in such works as "The Sunset over the

Sea" (127) and "The Incoming Tide" (106); whilst another artist of the same name, Mr. S. P. Macartney, contributes some clever, though rather cold, specimens of Swiss (80) and Cornish (123) scenery. Mr. A. Helcké has two fine bits of colouring, "A Midsummer Evening" (115) and "An Autumn Morning" (142). Mr. Audley Mackworth sends a bold, but somewhat crude, attempt to represent "Steel Forging" (131). Mr. Edgar Giberne shows greater versatility and scope than usual; his portrait of Mrs. Giberne (16) is very refined and delicate in tone, whilst his "Kelp Gatherers" (25) are broadly painted, and with a fine sense of colour. The animal painters at the Dudley are fairly well represented by Miss Moody's "Love's Young Dream and Love's Awakening" (71), the story of a kitten and puppy; and by Miss Dora Carpenter's "Dress Rehearsal" (46), in which an almost aristocratic Toby is being got ready for the performance of Punch, and seems to be fully cognisant of his fall in the world. Miss Carpenter's other picture, "Give Me a Penny, Please" (5), also shows a sympathy with dog-life as well as some skill in representing it on canvas.

At the Gainsborough Gallery (25, Old Bond-street) there is on view what the Berlin people may fitly describe as a "colossal" picture. It represents the late Emperor Frederick III. lying in state, surrounded by a group chosen from among the best known of those who were admitted to the sad ceremony. The interest of a picture of this description lies rather in its subject than its execution, the painter's art being limited to making the scene as little ghastly and the grouping as effective as possible. The dead Emperor, lying in his uncovered coffin, looks peaceful after his long struggle for life. By the side the widowed Empress kneels, dressed in deep mourning, and, immediately behind stands her son on whom the cares of the great Empire have fallen. Behind him are ranged Prince Bismarck, Count von Moltke, General von Blumenthal, and General von Pape, in their various uniforms; Moltke's face alone

showing any sign of deep feeling. On the other side of the coffin are the Court Chaplains, reciting the prayers of the Church, but forming a by no means impressive group. The picture will doubtless attract a considerable number of persons, for whom such lugubrious sights have a sort of fascination; but the subject as treated seems to us to invade too much the sanctity of sorrow at such a moment. The artists who have co-operated in the work are Herren Hirsch, Aglita, Vieweg, and Schmidt. All of whom occupy a recognised position in contemporary German art.

Six numbers have now appeared of Mr. M. B. Huish's English edition of *Japanese Art* (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.), and we are therefore in a better position to judge of the scope and aim of this publication. The promise of the earlier numbers has been well sustained; in fact, the October part contains, under the title of a "Travelling Writing Set," by M. Edmond de Goncourt, the story of the forty-seven Ronins, Japanese heroes who sacrificed their lives for their lord. But it is not so much for tales of Old Japan that we commend this publication to our readers as for the remarkable and liberal supply of plates illustrative of Japanese art in all its branches. We should be glad to think that "Japanese Art" was to be found in every Mechanics' Institute, public library, or reading-room where workmen meet together, for its effects upon our industrial arts might be most advantageous. We are not blind admirers of everything Japanese, simply because it comes from Japan, but because we recognise in Japanese art, combined with sense of proportion and a love of Nature, that quality of imagination and inventiveness which are too often absent from the products of English manufactures. In these illustrations the workers in metal and wood, the designers of textile and decorative goods, will find an inexhaustible store-house of suggestions and fancies which might with advantage be allowed to leaven our often too prosaic and solid work.

JAMESTOWN, ST. HELENA.

The island of St. Helena, in the South Atlantic Ocean, nearly sixteen degrees south of the Equator, and distant some 1200 miles from the African coast, has an historical renown from being the abode of Napoleon in his captivity until his death, in 1821. It was discovered by the Portuguese navigators in 1501, and was afterwards held by that nation and next by the Dutch; but has belonged to England since 1763. For a long time its administration was intrusted to the East India Company. The present Governor is Mr. W. Grey-Wilson, who has permitted us to publish a View of the Government House, from a photograph by Mr. Benjamin Grant. This fine mansion is usually called Plantation House, as in the East India Company's days the grounds were cultivated for the Company by a large gang of slaves. Chinese labourers were afterwards employed in the grounds and gardens, which contain a great variety of trees, plants, and shrubs belonging to the semi-tropical or to the temperate zone, with English flowers blooming in perfection. The situation is very healthy and pleasant, 1960 ft. above the sea-level, and commanding views, inland, of the main ridge of hills running east and west across the island, which is only ten miles long and five or six miles broad. Diana's Peak rises to the height of 2700 ft. The fertile valleys and wooded hills of the interior present more agreeable scenery than the wall of lofty cliffs surrounding the island. We give a View also of Jamestown, taken from an elevation of 600 ft. on the road leading to Napoleon's tomb; and the Cathedral Church, rebuilt in 1852, is shown behind the Governor's house. St. Helena has lately been appointed a coaling-station for steam-ships, instead of Ascension; and the construction of four new batteries of heavy guns, in addition to the defences of Jamestown, has been nearly completed.

NEW BOOKS.

The Unknown Horn of Africa: an Exploration from Berbera to the Leopard River. By F. L. James, M.A., F.R.G.S. (G. Philip and Son).—The map of Africa, which often comes before the mind's eye without the trouble of opening an Atlas, shows an eastward projection of triangular shape, between the Indian Ocean and the Gulf of Aden, outside the entrance to the Red Sea, below the 11th and 12th degree of latitude, and extending southward nearly to the equator. This region, which is called Somali Land, bordering westward on the country of the Gallas, beyond Abyssinia and Shoa, approaches farther down the sea-coast towards the lands of the various Wasuahili nations, heretofore connected with the dominion of Zanzibar, and recently comprised in the schemes of the British and German East African Companies. The Somali port of Berbera, just opposite Aden, has become a British dependency; but many European travellers have failed to get into the interior, or rather, we lament to say, have not been able to get out of it alive. The Italian expeditions of Sacconi and Porro, in 1883 and 1885, ended in the massacre of their leaders and followers, while Haggenmacher and others met with obstacles that prevented their adding much to our knowledge of the country. The author of this volume, and of another book, "The Wild Tribes of the Soudan," which we noticed on its publication, was one of a party of gentlemen, consisting of himself and his brother, Mr. W. D. James, Mr. D. Percy Aylmer, and Mr. E. Lort Phillips, who had previously travelled in the southern part of the Soudan beyond Kassala, and were joined this time by Mr. J. Godfrey Thrupp, a surgeon of South African experience. Mr. F. L. James was at Berbera in March, 1884, and then made inquiries with a view to his project of a journey inland almost due south, at least as far as the large river called the Webbe Shebeyli, or the Leopard River, the outlet of which is known to Zanzibar traders. In November of that year, the whole party having assembled at Aden, where they were received with much kindness by the Resident, General Blair, V.O., and by Mrs. Blair, they began to make arrangements for the expedition. In this design, at that time, they were encouraged by Major Hunter, C.B., the British Consul for the Somali coast, while Mr. Walsh, then newly-appointed British Agent at Berbera, expressed his hearty good wishes for their success, though he disapproved of their buying or hiring camels from certain local tribes. Mr. James and his companions, however, relying on the advice of an intelligent and trustworthy Somali headman from Aden, named Dualla Idrees, who spoke English and had been with Stanley on the Congo, engaged from among those tribes, at Berbera, in December, a train of sixty camels, with a sufficient number of men, and five women to serve as cooks, tent-keepers, or "lady-helpers." They were led by their chief, Mohammed Addah, with a lieutenant named Abdeelah. It is evident, throughout the narrative, that the intrigues of other Somali chiefs and tribes, not far from Berbera, who were jealous of the lucrative employment given to those preferred by Dualla and by Mr. James, caused all the annoyance and hostility which were encountered in this expedition. The actual position of the travellers, and the probability of their being attacked and slaughtered by the natives of the interior, were so falsely represented by those men at Berbera to the official agents of the British Government, that Lord Granville, on Dec. 30, telegraphed orders to stop Mr. James's party. But Mr. James's party were already on their way, far beyond the Berbera jurisdiction, and chose to go on at their own risk, having incurred much trouble and expense, and feeling sure that Major Hunter had either been deceived by some misrepresentations or had changed his mind without due cause. The expedition must be pronounced successful, as they were not greatly delayed anywhere; reaching the Webbe Shebeyli, near Barri, on Feb. 18, after a toilsome journey of fifty-nine days from Berbera, crossing the dreadful desert of the Haud, where the camels had no water for thirteen days. The Englishmen rode ponies or mules. But there seems to have been real danger of a sanguinary conflict with a large army of the Dollol and Ougass Elmi tribes at Gerloguby, in the Ogadayn country; and it was averted rather by the terror of firearms, with which those people were utterly unacquainted, than by the actual superiority of the Englishmen and their followers

in defensive fighting-force. We can hardly believe that so small a party, with their rifles, carbines, shot-guns, and revolvers, which only a few of them had been trained to use effectively, would have long been able to hold a "zereeba" of mimosa fence against several thousand spearmen like the Zulus or the warriors of the Soudan. Mr. James and his comrades, while they met threatening demonstrations with unflinching courage, did nothing to provoke hostility even in



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Ogadayn; and in other parts of Somali Land, with Sultan Owd at Burao, on the river called the Tug Dayr. and with the Hawiyah Sultan at Barri, where the people on the banks of the Webbe Shebeyli appear to be of a settled and pacific disposition, their intercourse was friendly and agreeable. It is probable that the best way of approaching that district, in the heart and centre of Somali Land, would not be from the Berbera coast, but from Madisha or Magadoxo, carrying portable boats to ascend the great river. The climate there, indeed, is pestilential at some times of the year, after the floods; but there must be plenty of big game, which was scarce on the desert route, elephant, lion, hippopotamus, crocodile, and rhinoceros; and one would rather avoid running the gauntlet of the treacherous northern tribes. These travellers came back safely by a different route, through Harradiggit, arriving at Berbera on April 15, and all is well that ends well. The volume contains many beautiful illustrations, from drawings and photographs, and fine coloured plates representing birds, of which, and other matters of natural history, there is a scientific account.

The Eulogy of Richard Jefferies. By Walter Besant (Chatto and Windus).—Among the most deservedly popular authors we have at the present day, one of the wholesomest, brightest, and most engaging of the band of living English novelists, Mr. Besant is further distinguished by his chivalrous loyalty to the literary profession, and his discernment of its true interests. In various personal efforts and discussions, rejecting the appeals to a vague sentiment of ideal claims on public indulgence which might become as disparaging to real merit as the ancient customs of private patronage, he has endeavoured to show the way towards conciliating the individual

publications, to examine them in a spirit of honest criticism, will certainly agree in considering that many worthless books, especially of fiction, are the mistaken work of persons likely to be well able to produce good and useful books of some other kind. We could mention several of the worst novels, romances, narrative and dramatic poems, and attempts at fancy or humour, that have appeared in our times, written by men of high intellectual eminence, scholars and professors of great academical or philosophical accomplishments, statesmen, diplomatists, orators, lawyers, and military commanders, whose mental powers, applied to their own proper studies, raised them to positions of influence and just renown. And so it is among those who make writing their sole occupation. The mere faculty of correct and graceful expression is a very common acquirement, and the improvement of general education should hereafter bring it within the reach of everybody who will take pains to learn it. Style is mainly the natural outcome of clear and forcible and harmonious thought; but such thought, whether it be imaginative or logical, or confined to the historical or descriptive statement of facts, must be the fruit of well-digested information, accurate observation, or personal experience; and Mr. Besant constantly tells us, very truly, that this is the case with novelists and humourists—we would add, with poets—as it is with every writer of a scientific treatise or a work of history. In the volume now before us, which is a generous and sympathetic, a wise and truthful, account of the short life and unequal performances of a man of rare, almost unique genius, the late Richard Jefferies, the finest of English prose authors on the aspects of rural nature, Mr. Besant abundantly illustrates the above remark. Jefferies was one whose native talents of observation, meditation, and description, applied to all things he saw, animated, or vegetating, or mere physical effects, in the fields, the hills, and the woods, the air and clouds, or the sea, were never surpassed by any writer—not by Wordsworth, not by Ruskin, not by the American Thoreau—and were unapproached by the German Jean Paul, or by Rousseau, in their eloquent panegyrics of Nature. He attempted to compose novels. If those crude and feeble tales, which his sincere admirers have perused with regret, had ever contained the slightest evidence of

dramatic power to make the imaginary persons feel, speak, and act like real human beings, or any mastery over plot and incidents, or any movements of life-like tempers and humours in mutual action, or acquaintance with the habits of society, Mr. Besant would gladly claim Jefferies as a brother novelist, and would render ample justice to faculties so like his own. But it is no such thing; and we must confess the utter failure of Jefferies' attempts in that line; of the forgotten "Scarlet Shawl," "Restless Human Hearts," and "World's End," with the weakness of the narrative parts of several of his later works—after extracting the descriptions of nature from "Bevis," "Wood Magic," "After London," and "Amaryllis at the Fair." When some judicious editor shall have extracted all these wonderful and truthful passages, rejecting all the inadequate efforts of fiction, a volume will be compiled worthy to accompany those better writings of Jefferies which we already possess. These are destined, we believe, to a literary immortality, so long as readers of our language care for the scenes most characteristic of the South of England, for the meadows, hedge-rows, and copses, the downs, the pieces of old forests, the streams and pools, the pastures and corn-fields, the farm-houses and cottages, the village churches, and for every plant, tree, or weed, or blade of grass, every wild animal, bird, or insect that inhabits our native land. They who have emigrated to America or Australia do care for these English country sights; and their children will care for them, if Londoners and other townfolk in Great Britain should become indifferent to them. We, therefore, doubt not that "The Gamekeeper at Home," "The Amateur Poacher," "Wild Life in a Southern County," "Round about a Great Estate," "Nature near London," "Life of the Fields," and "The Open Air," will delight many readers of future generations, as well in the United States and in the British Colonies as here, along with "White's Selborne," which lacks the vein of idyllic poetry and the profoundly meditative sentiment of Jefferies. The biographical portion of Mr. Besant's volume might be condensed into a short paragraph, but is sufficiently detailed, and is inspired by the kindest feelings of personal regard for one whom he never met, but whose writings he had long admired. Richard Jefferies, born in November, 1848, the son of a farmer at Coate, near Swindon, was a local newspaper reporter, with fair literary ambition, whose early publications, as we have seen, were not of the kind in which he was qualified to attain success. In 1877, he removed to near London, and began to write, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Standard*, and the *St. James's Gazette*, his incomparable descriptions of rural scenes, and produced volumes which were published till 1880 by Messrs. Smith and Elder, but latterly by Messrs. Cassell, Sampson Low, Chatto and Windus, Longman, and other firms. He also wrote in Longman's and other magazines; he wrote "The Pageant of Summer;" and Mr. Besant, giving a large portion of that noble prose-poem, rightly declares, "I know nothing in the English language finer, whether for the sustained style, or for the elevation of thought which fills it." The author lived in his last years at several places in Surrey and Sussex, being never much of a traveller, and worked industriously to support a wife and two children; but was, during five years or more, tormented and exhausted by a painful disease, which finally, in August, 1887, put an end to his life. In a village churchyard near Worthing, "in the gentlest, sweet, soft, sunny rain, he was borne along the path to his grave in the grass." We feel sure that his works, or the better part of them, will long survive his career of severe toil and struggle, which Mr. Besant has related in a manner to be highly approved and to be received with sympathy by the lovers of Nature, and of Literature as the interpreter of Nature.



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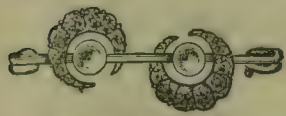
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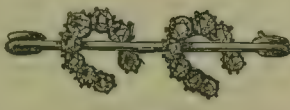
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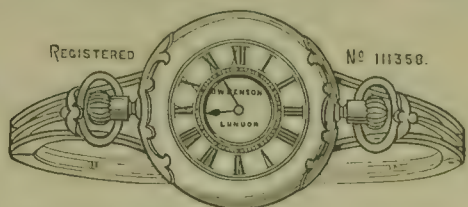
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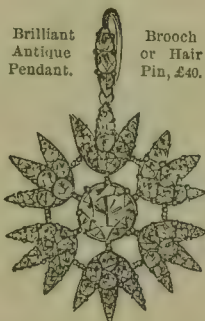
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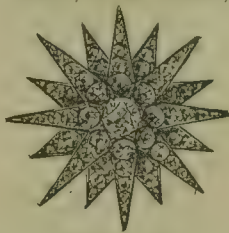
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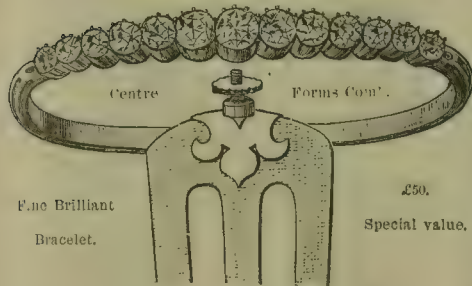
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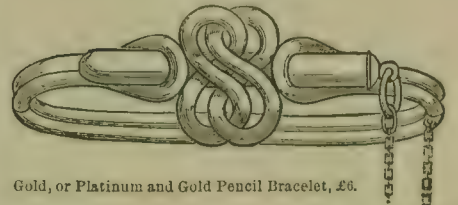
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ART EXHIBITIONS.

At the Burlington Fine Arts Club (17, Savile-row) there is to be seen, by the kind courtesy of the committee, an exceedingly interesting collection of works by John Sell Cotman, perhaps the last survivor of the once famous Norwich School. It was not, however, as an oil-painter like the two Cromes, Starke, and others, that Cotman has earned distinction. He remained throughout his career almost wholly a water-colour artist, and his occasional excursions into oil-painting will add nothing to his fame. At the same time, Cotman was not only a painter by profession but an architect by instinct; and if in his later years he turned more to imaginative work, it can scarcely be held that his reputation is due to that period of his career, although, strangely enough, in his earliest work here exhibited, "A Backwater in Park" (1), attributed to the year 1798, he at that time was attracted chiefly by water and foliage. If this date be correct it coincides with the year in which, at the age of sixteen, Cotman left his father's house at Norwich and came to London; and it may thus be regarded as the one specimen still recognisable of his own untutored pencil. His earlier works show how quickly he fell under the influence of Girtin, and in such works as the noble "View of Durham" (4), with the castle and cathedral hanging over the then bright and rushing river, we find that all his efforts were directed towards composition and drawing. The colour is in every sense subordinate to the rest of the work; and this is also the case in the view "On the Greta" (7), which, unless we are mistaken, shows almost as it now stands the well-known posting house, "The Morritt Arms," little changed to-day externally from what it was seventy years ago. In the busy scene of "Norwich Market-place" (13), in 1805, we can trace Cotman's greater confidence in himself, not only in arrangement but in the use of colour; but even here the long nave of St. Peter's Church and the row of picturesque houses in bright sunlight have evidently more attractions for him than the groups of stalls and market-people with which the foreground is crowded. We should not omit to notice in this picture—one of the most striking in the exhibition—the care and knowledge with which Cotman treats his horses and cattle. In spite of his London life and training, he could still take interest in things pertaining to the country; and now and again similar touches of Nature appear in what would otherwise be little more than architectural studies. Passing by "St. Luke's Chapel" (20) at the north-east corner of Norwich Cathedral, and "Ely Cathedral" (22), as seen from what is now known as the Park, we pass on to a very simple study of a "Draining Mill" (25) in the Lincolnshire Fens, which seems to mark a turning-point in Cotman's career. It gives almost the first suggestion of pure landscape painting, of which two more complete instances are to be found in "Bishopgate Bridge, Norwich" (26), from the river bank, and "Mousehold Heath" (31), which, although painted as early as 1810, shows that he was already beginning to feel Turner's influence in the use of colour. Possibly it was the same influence which induced him

to try his hand at sea-painting, of which the "Boats off Yarmouth" (37) and a schuyt in full sail "Off the Dutch Coast" (41) are conspicuous examples of Cotman's power to render water in motion. His visit to Normandy stimulated his love of architecture still more, and with it a love of details, always subordinated to the general effect. The view of "Mont St. Michel" (43) as approached from Pontorson is a very remarkable study of aerial effect, and must rank very high among the artist's works. In such works as "The Hôtel de Ville, Ghent" (51), "Malines" (57), and others, the love for Gothic buildings and architectural effect is again prominent; but when he comes back to England we find—as in the "Framlingham Castle" (56) and, in a less degree, in the "Rochester Castle" (50)—his love of Nature once more dominant. In the latter, moreover, we trace the tendency, which increases in later years, to employ bright and positive colours to depict effects which were only strong by comparison, and of which the importance would by any other artist of equal eminence have been reduced in works of so small dimensions. This tendency, which can only be attributed to Turner's influence, became more and more marked as time went on, until it reaches a climax in such works as "The Blue Afternoon" (63), painted in 1831.

One of the most attractive works in the whole series is the scene on the Avon, near Bristol, described as "Blasting St. Vincent's Rock" (76), and it throws a curious light on Cotman's habits, as well as on his powers, to find that this picture was made, not from Nature, but from a sketch by the late Rev. J. Balwer, of which the original is here exhibited. Another interesting picture is that of "Charing-cross with Charles I.'s Statue" (83), which, however, suggests that the artist was sadly cramped, and endeavoured to get too much on to his paper by narrowing the distances between old Northumberland House and the Golden-cross Hotel.

In addition to the water-colours, there is a fine collection of Cotman's drawings in black and white—in pencil, sepia, chalk, &c. Among those especially noteworthy are "A Wreck off Yarmouth" (102), "A View of Norwich" (109) from the river near St. Anne's Staithe, and "A Moonlight Scene" (114) representing a storm at sea, with a fishing-boat on the crest of a wave. Altogether, the exhibition is very illustrative of the artistic career of one who will always hold high rank among English water-colour painters, and the committee of the Burlington Fine-Arts Club are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts to bring a painter's life, as shown in his works, before the public.

Mr. Mendoza's Exhibition of "Black and White" at the St. James's Gallery (King-street, St. James's), is now the only display of the kind, unless exception be made in favour of the remote room at Burlington House, so seldom entered by those who throng to see the pictures. The St. James's Gallery, on the present occasion, shows very fairly the wide range of method and medium admissible under the term "black and white"—from Mr. James Webb's sea-pieces in oils to Mr. Lamotte's specimen of a pure line engraving, "A Daughter of Eve" (90), and even Miss E. A. Cooper's very careful and finely-

finished drawing, in sanguin, entitled "Friends" (28). Of children's portraits, however, the palm is borne away by Mrs. Alice Bach's portrait-study (49), a face in which childish moulding of feature is preserved with a very considerable touch of character. Miss Cohen also sends a delicately-painted, somewhat pensive face (81), and Mr. Alma-Tadema a finely-drawn profile-study (99). Animal drawing is represented by Mr. S. T. Dadd's "Our Noble Ancestor" (179), a litter of terrier puppies viewing their stuffed progenitor with mingled awe and contempt; and Mr. Caldwell's "Distinguished Foreigner" (103), an aristocratic black poodle being received by his English friends, and the same artist's "Litigation" (11), kittens and puppies struggling for a bone with considerable vigour. In landscape work the exhibition is particularly well furnished. Mr. Nelson Drummond would, perhaps, achieve more marked effect if he were less versatile; but, in any case, his "Incense-Breathing Morn" (194), in every sense an imaginative work, deserves high praise, as does his "Misty Morn" (10) on one of the reaches of the Thames. Miss J. R. Thomas's "Canal at Bruges" (188) is an even more striking instance of how a spot can be poetised without loss to its reality. There is in such a work far more of the hazy atmosphere of the Low Countries than in Mr. Barraud's "Belfry of Ghent" (111), or even Mr. A. Webb's "Dordrecht" (6)—finely drawn as is this last-named. Among the other attractions of this little exhibition may be mentioned Mr. R. F. Hensman's "Alone" (17) and Miss Wyman's "Gaslight Study" (31)—the former a seated and the latter a standing female figure having much in common; Mr. C. Whympers "Grouse-driving" (18); Mr. Appleton's mezzo-tint of Fanny Kemble (58) from Sir T. Lawrence's sketch; Mrs. Tadema's two studies from her picture (98); Sir F. Leighton's pencil sketches (110 and 138), both studies of old men's heads; a head (116) in India ink by Mr. James Hayllar; Miss Anna Alma-Tadema's minutely-accurate "Harebells" (150); Mr. G. S. Walter's spirited seapiece "On the Edge of the Goodwins" (175); Mr. Clough Bromley's etchings, of which that of "Goring on the Thames" (203) is the brighter and more successful; Miss M. Gemmell's portrait of Mrs. W. Cunard (195) and Mr. C. J. Fox's study of South Coast scenery (212), in which the trees and foliage of the foreground are especially well executed.

Messrs. Alexander Baird and Son, of Kelvinbridge, Glasgow, send a few samples of their new Christmas and New-Year greeting cards of chaste design.

The Board of Trade have received through the Foreign Office the undermentioned rewards, which have been made by the United States Government to certain of the officers and crew of the British steam-ship *Bavarian*, in recognition of services rendered by them to the shipwrecked crew of the American schooner *Eddie Pierce* on Sept. 26 last:—A gold watch and chain to the master, Archibald W. Ball; a gold medal and 50 dols. to the chief officer, George W. Muir; and a sum of 10 dols. to each of the seven seamen, John Oliver Johnstone, James Byrne, James Henry Spencer, Arthur McGuire, James Burns, John Hurley, and Thomas Jones.

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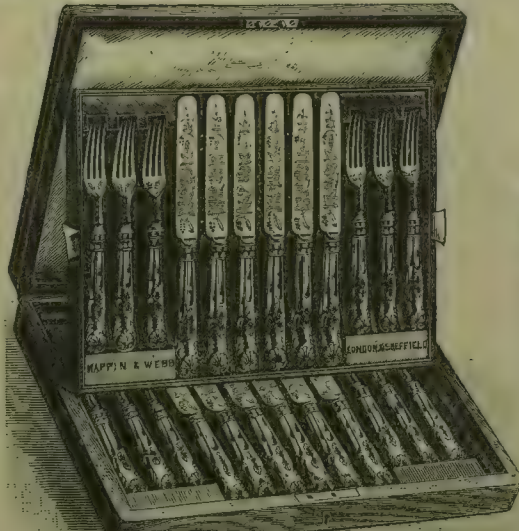
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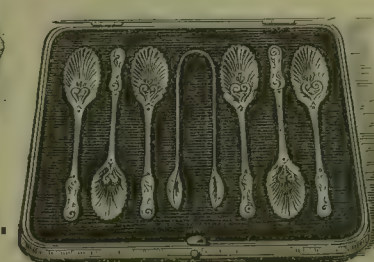
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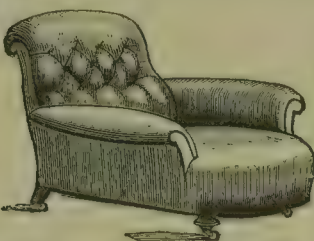
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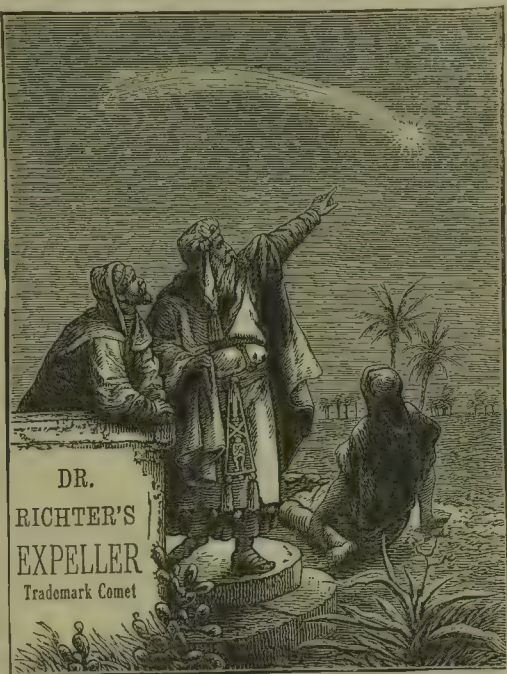
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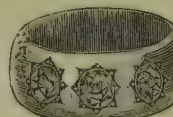
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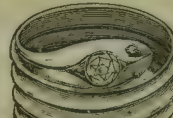
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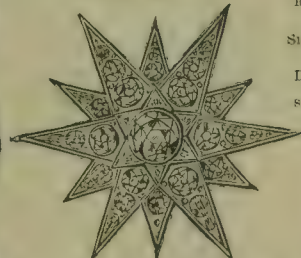
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"HANDS ACROSS THE SEA."

We sometimes laugh at French dramatists for their ludicrous ignorance of English life, manners, and customs. Although we are only separated from Paris by a short journey, the Englishman on the stage is still invariably represented with weeping whiskers and a Scotch plaid suit. Englishwomen are represented as coarse, vulgar, and badly dressed; and it is not too much to say that, so far as our domestic life is concerned, the Japanese know more about us than the average educated Frenchman. But, on the other hand, how foreigners must laugh at us, if ever they trouble to study our stage or look at our modern plays! Clever and observant men like Mr. Sidney Grundy, Mr. Henry Pettitt, and many more seem to be under the impression that the foreigner—be he Russian or Frenchman—possesses a deadly influence with women. Granted a woman of unimpeachable character and blameless life—a virtuous wife, a good mother—she has only to be left alone with a man with a foreign accent in order to be insulted with vulgar protestations of affection and treated to scenes of violence. The stage foreigner, as presented to the gaze of admiring Englishmen, is an individual who is always in dress clothes, and is perpetually bribing ladies'-maids to admit him into my lady's chamber after dark, when he is not expected, and is certainly not wanted. Many years ago, in two plays, Sardou made use of this scene of violence towards an innocent woman. He used it in "Nos Intimes" ("Peril"), and he used it in the "Maison Neuve." But in both cases the wife, though innocent, had been extremely imprudent, and at least suggested to a very vain man that his attentions, if offered, would not be wholly displeasing. This, in fact, is the very essence of the situation, which has wholly escaped the attention of the English dramatists who annex it. It is enough for them that the wife is innocent, and that she is within an approachable distance of some convenient French windows. Put any average Englishwoman in Paris, and whether introduced or not to her aggressor, she is sure, sooner or later, to be attacked by a foreigner in evening dress, who considers that, if she is the rabbit he is the snake, and that he can assuredly fix her with his glassy eye and fascinate her in five minutes. One would have thought that such situations would have been reserved for the cheap literature devoured by emancipated school-girls and hysterical waiting-maids; but they occur so often on the modern stage that it is worth while calling attention to them, in the hope that in the future some motive may be discovered for these nocturnal acts of violence. Scarcely, however, have we recovered from the shock of Mr. Sidney Grundy's Russian, in "The Dean's Daughter," when we find his partner, Mr. Pettitt, giving us another foreigner of the same pattern—this time a Frenchman—in "Hands Across the Sea." A young English lady, happily married, who has a positive detestation for flirtation, and who seldom leaves her husband's side, is "marked down," as it were, by one of these determined creatures. Unless the man is a born fool, he must know that his efforts to captivate would in this instance be absolutely useless; but it is enough for him that his victim is within reach. "Once on board the lugger!" used to be the cry of the old transport villain. "Once within the French windows!" is the echo of the modern stage villain. Of course, improbable or not, it leads up to the well-worn catastrophe. "You shall love me!" "I won't! Leave the house!" "I shan't! You don't know what devotion means!" "I don't want to!" Then over go the tables and chairs, down goes the bell-rope and enter the infuriated husband, who saves his

fainting darling when her strength is almost spent! From that instant the rest of the play is all plain-sailing. The husband assaults the villain, and they snarl at one another. A few minutes after, the French villain is found murdered, and the crime is at once fastened on the innocent husband, who is known to have a deadly hatred of the murdered man. Will it be believed that Mr. Pettitt has actually used this motive again, and successfully? It has been done at the Adelphi scores of times; it has been done at Drury-Lane; it has been done by innumerable authors at the Princess's; but up it comes again, smiling, in the new Australian drama that is a very bright, well-arranged and successful one, but when examined will be found to have very little colonial flavour about it, unless local colour is given by an old settler who continually—in the warmth of his heart—shouts out: "Advance, Australia!" Mr. Pettitt knows more about the building up of a play than most of his companions. He has in him, very strongly, the dramatic faculty. The pity of it is that he does not take a little more trouble, and write a play that would be really worthy of his unquestionable talent. One scene in the new drama is as well arranged and dramatically effective as anything that Mr. Pettitt has ever done; but it is comparatively wasted here. We allude to the meeting of husband and wife on board ship—the husband a rescued convict, the wife a passenger—both dying to speak to one another, but both compelled to silence. An author who could suddenly stumble on a scene like that ought to write a better play than "Hands Across the Sea." But the answer will be—What does it matter? As much money is made by bad plays as by good plays; the staid effects are the safest; rubbish, as some call it, has a mercantile value; and cheap melodramatic audiences are not so mighty particular. With such reasoning the critic has, naturally, no sympathy whatever. It may be true or it may be false; all he desires is that a clever man should show his muscle and not shirk any encounter. Scores of dramatists could not write a play of real artistic value if they were paid for it. They can botch and patch and re-arrange, but they cannot create. We believe Mr. Pettitt can, if he only tries, do much better work than is found in these hurriedly prepared dramas for an ill-stocked market. But he turns back contentedly to the farmer's daughter pursued by the graceless villain, to the ridiculous foreigner who thinks that every innocent woman will fall at his feet, and to the innocent man discovered on his enemy's corpse. With these he rings the changes, and the public applaud him. There is no better melodramatic actor even now after these long years of service than Mr. Henry Neville. Old Time has passed him by. He is still young, active, interesting, and enthusiastic, and the author is lucky who has such a willing worker to aid him. Mr. Neville never sulks with his part, or puts obstacles in the way, or hinders the dramatic scheme in which he is concerned. Invariably he gives his best work, and his influence is both wholesome and inspiring. Conscientious also, very pleasant, and ever earnest is Miss Mary Rorke, who is one of our popular actresses who is constantly improving. She does not go back; she advances. Mr. E. W. Garden and Miss Webster are excellent in a couple of not very well written or conceived comedy characters; and good service was done in minor characters by Mr. Julian Cross, Mr. Abingdon, Mr. Bucklaw, and Mr. Edmund Gurney. The best and most ambitious acting, however, was shown by Mr. R. Pateman, whose death-scene, though painfully realistic, was extremely clever. It has been urged, on behalf of Mr. Pettitt, that the most extravagant incidents in this drama were derived from actual life and a story

in itself so extraordinary that it was not believed, even in Paris. That may be so. But the extravagant accidents in life do not always make the best dramas. Things on the stage need not always be probable, but they must be possible to the intelligence and understanding of the ordinary spectator. Mr. Grundy's Dean may have existed somewhere or other; but he is not typical of the ordinary sober dignity of the Established Church. There was once a Bishop who was a thorough-paced scoundrel; but to represent a Bishop as a blackguard would be a dramatic absurdity.

Mr. G. W. Taylor has offered the sum of £50,000 to found a Congregational college affiliated to the Melbourne University, the offer being dependent on a similar amount being subscribed by the colony.

The Countess of Meath, at a drawingroom held by Mrs. Goodhart at Canterbury on Nov. 17, gave an address which resulted in the formation of another branch of the Children's Ministering League. Mainly through the exertions of Lady Meath, there are now established in various parts of the world 500 branches of the league, with a membership of 15,000.

Application has been made to Mr. Justice Chitty, in the Chancery Division, for the distribution of the late Rev. William Wight's estate among the next-of-kin. By his will, which has been declared void, Mr. Wight provided for the establishment of a "College of Social and Domestic Science for Ladies" on novel and eccentric lines. His Lordship made a decree as requested.

The Lord Mayor presided on Nov. 19 at the annual meeting of the Working Lads' Institute, Whitechapel, and, in moving the adoption of the report, said he felt that it was an admirable institution, and he was glad to see that the educational process going on included shorthand and French. Prizes for progress at the evening classes were afterwards distributed, and a swimming-cup, presented by the Lord Mayor, was awarded. The building is now complete, it having been commenced five years ago. The second wing consists of a large swimming-bath, a gymnasium, and a lecture hall.

The twelfth annual distribution of prizes to pupil-teachers connected with the Westminster Teachers' Association took place on Nov. 17, at the Westminster Townhall, under the presidency of Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P. There were also present on the platform the Duchess of Teck and Princess Victoria of Teck, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and the Rev. J. Diggle (the chairman of the School Board). The prizes, about forty in number, were distributed by the Duchess of Teck. They consisted of handsomely-bound books and various valuable articles, and were awarded for religious knowledge, needlework, French, drawing, and general knowledge.

A concert in aid of the funds of Princess Frederica's Convalescent Home was given on Nov. 16 at Prince's Hall, under the patronage of Princess Christian and Princess Frederica. The report of the committee states the object of the home to be the providing of fresh air, rest, and good food for poor married women, with their infants, who, after the birth of their children, are in want of care and comfort. Patients of all nationalities and religious denominations are admitted; and during the period of three weeks, which they stay in the Home, clothing of every description is found for both mother and child. The committee earnestly request donations and subscriptions to enable them to carry on the good work. The concert was well attended.

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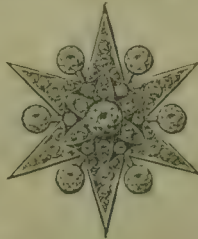
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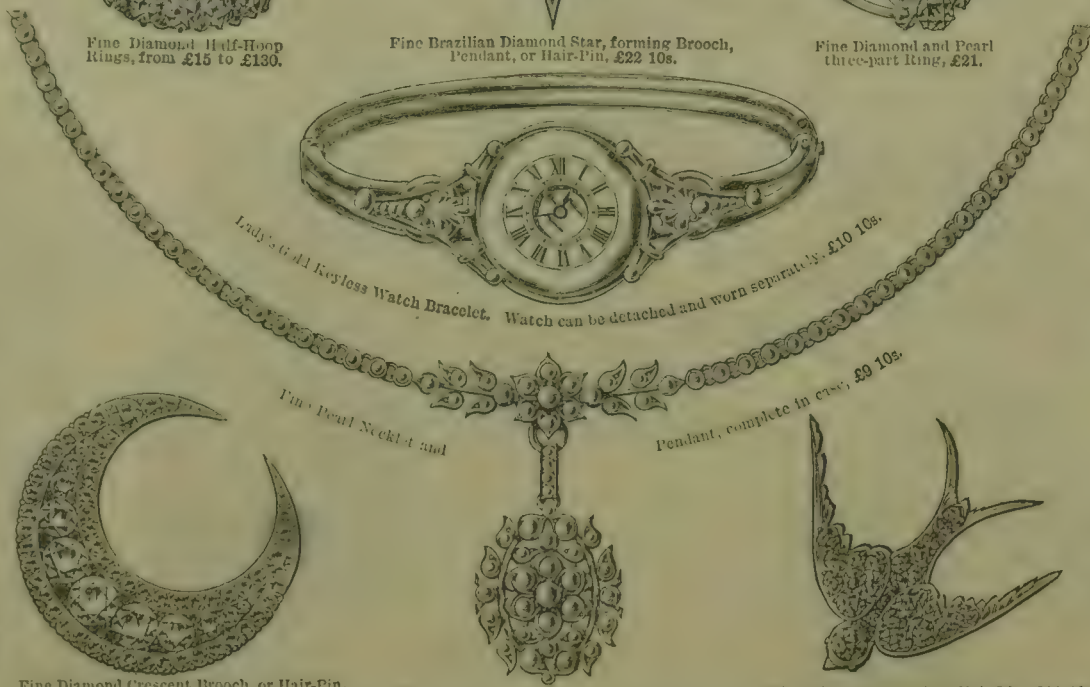
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M O N T E C A R L O.
 The Administration of the Society of the
BATHS OF MONACO
 have the honour to announce the following arrangements
 made by them for the

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATIONS, 1888-9:
 JANUARY.

Tuesday, 8th—Saturday, 12th.
M I G N O N.
 Madames Vaillant-Couturier;
 Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaux, Degraev.

Tuesday, 15th—Saturday, 19th.
PHILEMON ET BAUCIS.
 Madames Vaillant-Couturier;
 Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaux, Degraev.

Tuesday, 22nd—Saturday, 26th.
LE CAID.
 Madames Samé, Vaillant-Couturier;
 Messieurs Berton, Degraev, Bouland.

Tuesday, 29th.
M I G N O N.
 Madames Samé, Vaillant-Couturier;
 Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaux, Degraev.

F E B R U A R Y.
 Saturday, 2nd.
M I G N O N.
 Madames Samé, Vaillant-Couturier;
 Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaux, Degraev.

Tuesday, 5th—Saturday, 9th.
PAUL.
 Madames Fidès-Devriès, Bouland;
 Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaux, Degraev.

Tuesday, 12th—Saturday, 16th.
LES PÊCHEURS DE PERLES.
 Madames Fidès-Devriès;
 Messieurs Dupuy, Soulaux, Degraev;

Tuesday, 19th—Saturday, 23rd.
RIGOLETTO.
 Madames Fidès-Devriès, Bouland;
 Messieurs Dupuy, Soulaux, Degraev.

Tuesday, 26th.
LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS.
 Madames Desclamps, Bouland;
 Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaux, Bouland.

M A R C H.
 Saturday, 2nd.
LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS.
 Madames Desclamps, Bouland;
 Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaux, Bouland.

Thursday, 7th—Saturday, 9th.
CARMEN.
 Madames Desclamps, Vaillant-Couturier, Soulaux;
 Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaux.

Tuesday, 12th—Saturday, 16th.
MANON.
 Madames Vaillant-Couturier;
 Messieurs Talzac, Soulaux, Degraev.

Tuesday, 19th—Saturday, 23rd.
ROMÉO ET JULIETTE.
 Mademoiselle Simon

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 21, 1882) of Mr. Thomas Harrison, J.P., late of West Hill, Stalybridge, Lancashire, who died on Aug. 12, at Llandudno, was proved on Oct. 16 at the Manchester District Registry by Tom Harrop Sidebottom, James Sidebottom, William Sidebottom, Adam Dugdale, and William Harrison, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £110,000. The testator bequeaths £15,000 to his daughter, Mrs. Amy Agnes Dugdale; and £10,000 to his daughter, Mary Emily Harrison, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to them, for life, and at their death, as to the capital as well as the income, to their respective children as they shall appoint. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son, William Harrison, absolutely.

The will (dated May 23, 1888) of Mr. Thomas Best, late of Liverpool and Highlee, Druids'-cross-road, Wavertree, near Liverpool, merchant, who died on July 13 last, was proved on Nov. 7 by William Rodger, Henry Rushton, and John Graham Rodger, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £94,000. The testator bequeaths all his furniture, plate, carriages, horses, wines, &c., and the income of £50,000 to his wife, Mrs. Caroline Augusta Best, for life, and at her death the sum of £50,000 is to be equally divided between his three sisters, Baroness Jessie Wallace-Von Podewils, Mrs. Agnes Elizabeth Fair, and Mrs. Annie Kirby; £4,000, upon trust, for each of his said sisters, for life, and then to their children; and annuities of £200 each to his brother, James Rodger Best, and his wife, Henrietta Best. The residue of his real and personal estate is to follow the same trusts as the sum of £50,000 before mentioned.

The will (dated March 31, 1886) of Mr. William Eschauzier, late of Gibraltar, who died on Aug. 27 last, at Barcelona, Spain, was proved on Nov. 10, by Anthony John Terry and William Eschauzier, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £62,000. The testator gives 5000 dollars each to the Superiorress of the Hermanos de la Cruz and the Hermanitas de los Pobres, in Seville; 30,000 dollars, his house in Seville, and all his furniture and effects, to his nephew William Eschauzier; 20,000 dollars each to his nephews, Edward, Francis, Ambrose, and Louis; 25,000 dollars each to his nieces, Mary and Rosary; 10,000 dollars for distribution among the poor of Seville and Havannah; 10,000 dollars to Anthony John Terry; and numerous other legacies and annuities. The residue of his property he leaves, as to five one-hundredths, to the Vicar Apostolic of Gibraltar, for building

and maintaining Roman Catholic churches in Gibraltar sixty-five one-hundredths to the trustees of the will of John Gavino, for Gavino's Asylum; and thirty one-hundredths among certain Roman Catholic charities in Gibraltar.

The will (dated Oct. 29, 1881) of Mrs. Frances Jane Bond, late of No. 24, Devonshire-place, W., widow, who died on Oct. 11 last, was proved on Nov. 8 by Edward Bouchier Savile and Charles Cornelius Savile, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £44,000. The testatrix bequeaths £5000 to her brother, Charles George Martin O'Callaghan; £3000 to her nephew, Henry Tyrone Savile; and £2000 each to the six other children of her late sister, Mrs. Mary Savile; £10,000 to her niece, Frances Eleanor Savile, and all her jewels and trinkets; £200 each to her brothers-in-law, Edward Bouchier Savile and Henry Bouchier Osborne Savile; £50 to the Welbeck-street Infirmary, and £300 to her maid. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves between her nephews and nieces, the children of her late sister Mrs. Mary Savile.

The will (dated July 21, 1888) of Colonel Arthur Swann Howard Lowe, late of Gosfield Hall, Essex, who died on Aug. 12 last, was proved on Oct. 5 by Arthur Courtauld Willoughby Lowe, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. The testator leaves his old family diamond ring to his wife, Mrs. Louisa Ruth Lowe, for life, then to his son Arthur, with remainder as an heirloom to the tenant for life of Gosfield Hall. All the rest and remainder of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, she allowing his two sons £1000 per annum each, and on her death or remarriage the residue is to go to his two sons, as she shall by deed or will appoint, and in default thereof he gives £60,000 to his son Edward Aubrey Courtauld Lowe, and the ultimate residue to his son Arthur Courtauld Willoughby Lowe.

The will (dated Oct. 19, 1886) of Mr. Thomas Parr Perry, late of Lympton, Devon, who died on Sept. 30 last, was proved on Nov. 10 by George Knox Whitehead, the nephew, and Mrs. Sophia Whitehead, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £25,000. The testator bequeaths to the Clergy Orphan Corporation, whose schools are at Canterbury and St. John's Wood, all the money standing in his name in the Three per Cent. Consolidated Annuities; £200 to Mrs. Clementina Dent; £100 each to Flora Pierce and her sisters, Mary and Annette; and his house called Brook Cottage, with the furniture and contents thereof, to his nephew, George Knox Whitehead. The residue of his property he leaves, upon

trust, for his said nephew and Sophia, his wife, and, on their deaths, to their children.

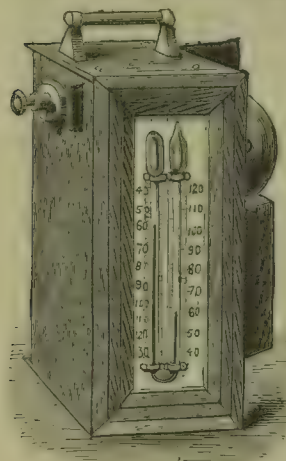
The will (dated May 16, 1888) of Lady Alexandrina Charlotte Mabella Cecil, wife of Lord Brownlow Thomas Montague Cecil, late of Marine Parade, Dover, who died on Oct. 17, was proved on Nov. 13 by Lord Brownlow Cecil, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £7000. The testatrix bequeaths certain stocks and shares, upon trust, for her husband, for life, and at his death she gives £300 each to Margaret Boulton, Margaret Bainbridge, Grace May, Maria Evans, Laura Gillespie, and Nathalie Cumont; £350 each to her god-daughters Lady Laura Cecil, Edith Bainbridge, and Cecil Cassels; £50 to the Church Missionary Society; £25 each to the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, the National Life-Boat Institution, and the Girls' Orphanage, Northampton; £50 to the Sailors' Orphan Girls' Home, Hampstead; £19 each to the Cripples' Home, Regent's Park, and the Colonial and Continental Church Society; £10 each to the Dover Hospital, the Christ Church Mission Church, Dover, and the Soldiers' Home, Dover; and £5 to the East Cliff Mission, Dover, and other legacies; and the remainder of such stocks and shares between Lady Laura Cecil, Edith Bainbridge, and Cecil Cassels. The residue of her property she leaves to her husband.

His Excellency the Viceroy of India and the Marchioness of Lansdowne left London on Nov. 16 for Brindisi, where they joined the mail-steamer for Bombay.

During Thursday night, Nov. 15, and the following morning, a severe gale prevailed over Scotland, the north of England, and Ireland, causing great damage to shipping and loss of life amongst seamen. Inland, considerable damage to property was caused at Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other places.

Cardinal Lavigerie has written to Cardinal Manning, a member of the committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, expressing high regard for the society, and enclosing for it, out of the Pope's bounty, an order on Paris for 50,000 f. (£1975).

The Countess of Aberdeen presided on Saturday, Nov. 17, at a meeting consisting chiefly of ladies, held at Mr. P. W. Bunting's, 11, Endsleigh-gardens, to discuss the election of women to county councils. Lady Aberdeen urged that women had been of much use on boards of guardians and that they ought to sit on the councils. Resolutions in support of the candidature of Lady Sandhurst and Miss Cobden were passed and for the appointment of a committee.



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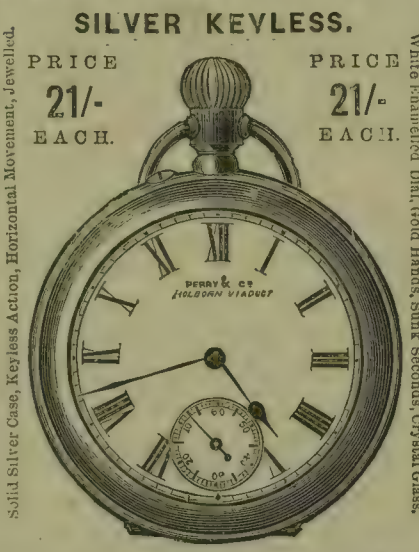
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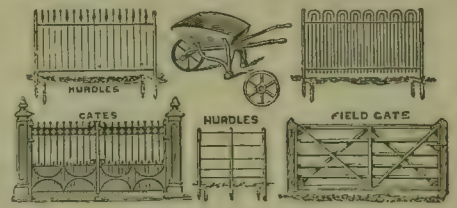
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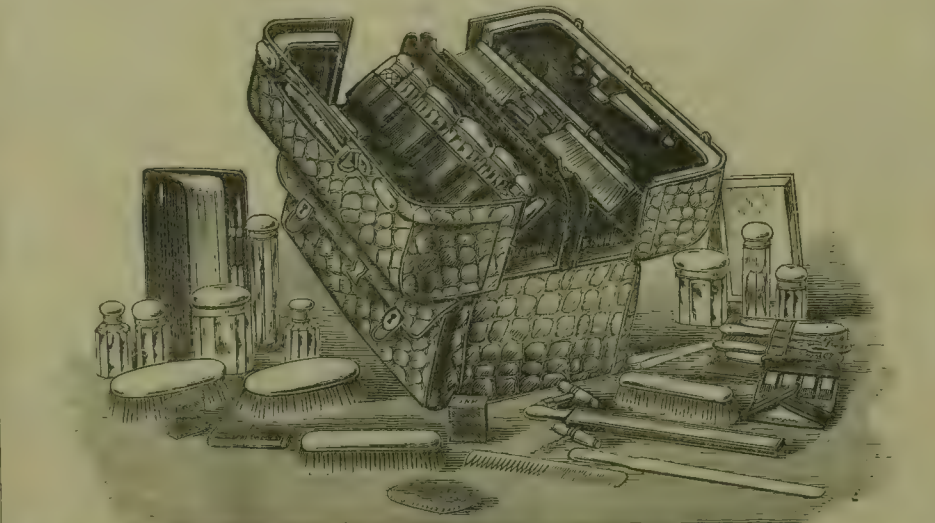
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MUSIC.

Mr. Henschel inaugurated, on Nov. 20, a new series (the third) of his excellent "London Symphony Concerts" at St. James's Hall. These performances give a special musical importance to our London winter season, particularly in the absence of any opera, and the discontinuance (as usual at this period) of the Promenade Concerts. Mr. Henschel's first programme was of strong and varied interest, and consisted entirely of instrumental music, the widespread taste for which is now sufficient to gain acceptance for selections limited to that class of compositions. The chief feature of the opening concert was Beethoven's seventh symphony (in A), the only novelty announced having been a "Suite" by Grieg, from the music to Ibsen's dramatic poem, "Peer Gynt." The several movements of this work are, respectively, entitled: "In the Morning," "The Death of Ases," "Anitra's Dance," and "In the Hall of the Mountain King." Of the merits of the music there will, we believe, be another opportunity before long of speaking, when the work may be more favourably placed than at the end of a sufficiently-long programme.

The first of the two concerts at which Madame Patti was announced to appear before her departure for a tour in South America was given at the Albert Hall on Nov. 20. Nearly every seat in the spacious building was occupied, and there was an excellent entertainment, Madame Patti having for coadjutors Madame Patey (who replaced Madame Trebelli), Mr. Edward Lloyd, Signor Foli, Miss Nettie Carpenter (violin), with Mr. Ganz conducting a full orchestra.

The extremely familiar programmes offer nothing calling for detailed comment. It will, therefore, suffice to say that the prima donna was, as usual, in excellent voice. Messrs. Lloyd and Foli, Miss Carpenter, and an orchestra under Mr. Ganz, likewise took part in the proceedings. On such an occasion, the interest, of course, was almost entirely centred in Madame Patti herself, who was accorded a most enthusiastic leave-taking.

Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts at St. James's Hall were resumed on Wednesday evening, Nov. 21, when a varied and attractive programme was prepared.

We have already recorded the opening of the thirty-first series of the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall on the evening of Nov. 12. The first of the Saturday afternoon performances took place on Nov. 17, when Sir Charles Hallé appeared as pianist, his solo performances having been in Chopin's "Nocturne" in E major from Op. 62 and his "Barcarolle" in F sharp major, which were rendered with that refinement of style for which the pianist has long been eminent. He and Lady Hallé (Madame Néruda) were worthily associated in an appreciative performance of Brahms's duet sonata in A (Op. 100); the lady violinist and MM. Ries, Straus, Gibson and Piatti having rendered Mendelssohn's string quintet in B flat (Op. 87) with fine effect. Sir Charles and Lady Hallé and Signor Piatti contributed to the performance of the closing piece of the day, Beethoven's pianoforte trio in D major (from Op. 70). More or less familiar vocal pieces were well sung by Miss L. Lehmann, accompanied by Mr. Frantzen. At the

second evening concert of the series, on Nov. 19, Lady Hallé (Madame Néruda) was again the leading violinist, the occasion having brought back Mdlle. Janotha as solo pianist. Miss Elsa was the vocalist, and Dr. Engel the accompanist.

The sixth of the present series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace took place on Nov. 17, when Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata, "The Golden Legend," was performed; its many repetitions since its first production at the Leeds Festival of 1886 proving the strong and sustained attraction which it possesses, alike for metropolitan and provincial audiences. The solo vocalists on the recent occasion now referred to were Miss Emily Spada, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. B. Foote, and Mr. A. Black, all of whom were efficient in their respective degrees. The lady first named appeared in sudden replacement of Madame Nordica, who was to have sung, but was unavoidably detained by her American engagement.

DEATHS.

On Nov. 8, 1888, at Woolwich, Lieut.-Col. Ernest Henry Manningham-Buller, commanding 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, youngest son of the late Sir Edward Manningham-Buller, Bart., of Dilborne, Staffordshire, aged 49.

On Oct. 18, at 32, St. Petersburg-place, Bayswater, of pleuro-pneumonia, Jane Christiana (Janet), second daughter of the late Alexander Thom, Esq., formerly Acting Deputy-Inspector-General of Hospitals, Bombay, and P.M.O., Mauritius.—Indian and New Zealand papers please copy.

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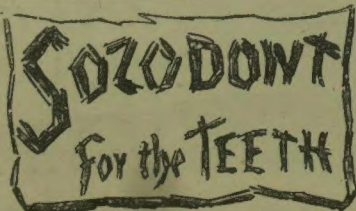
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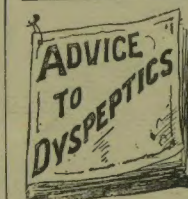
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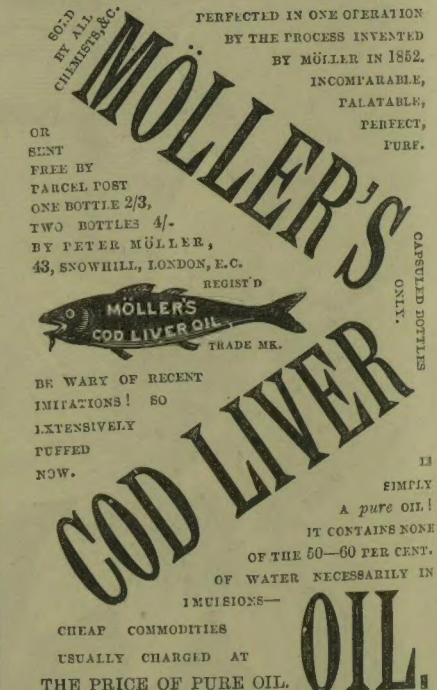
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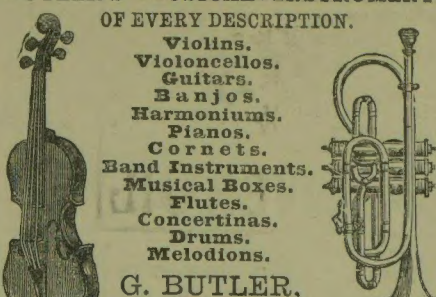
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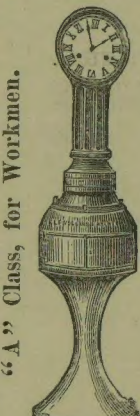
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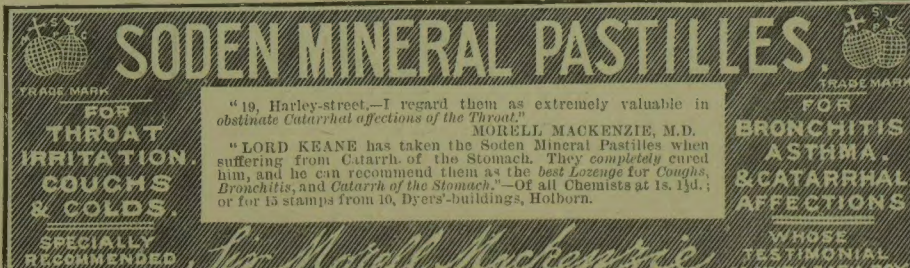
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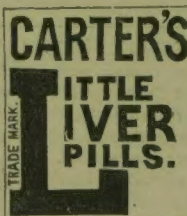
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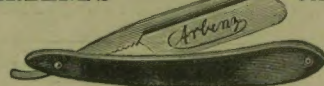
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